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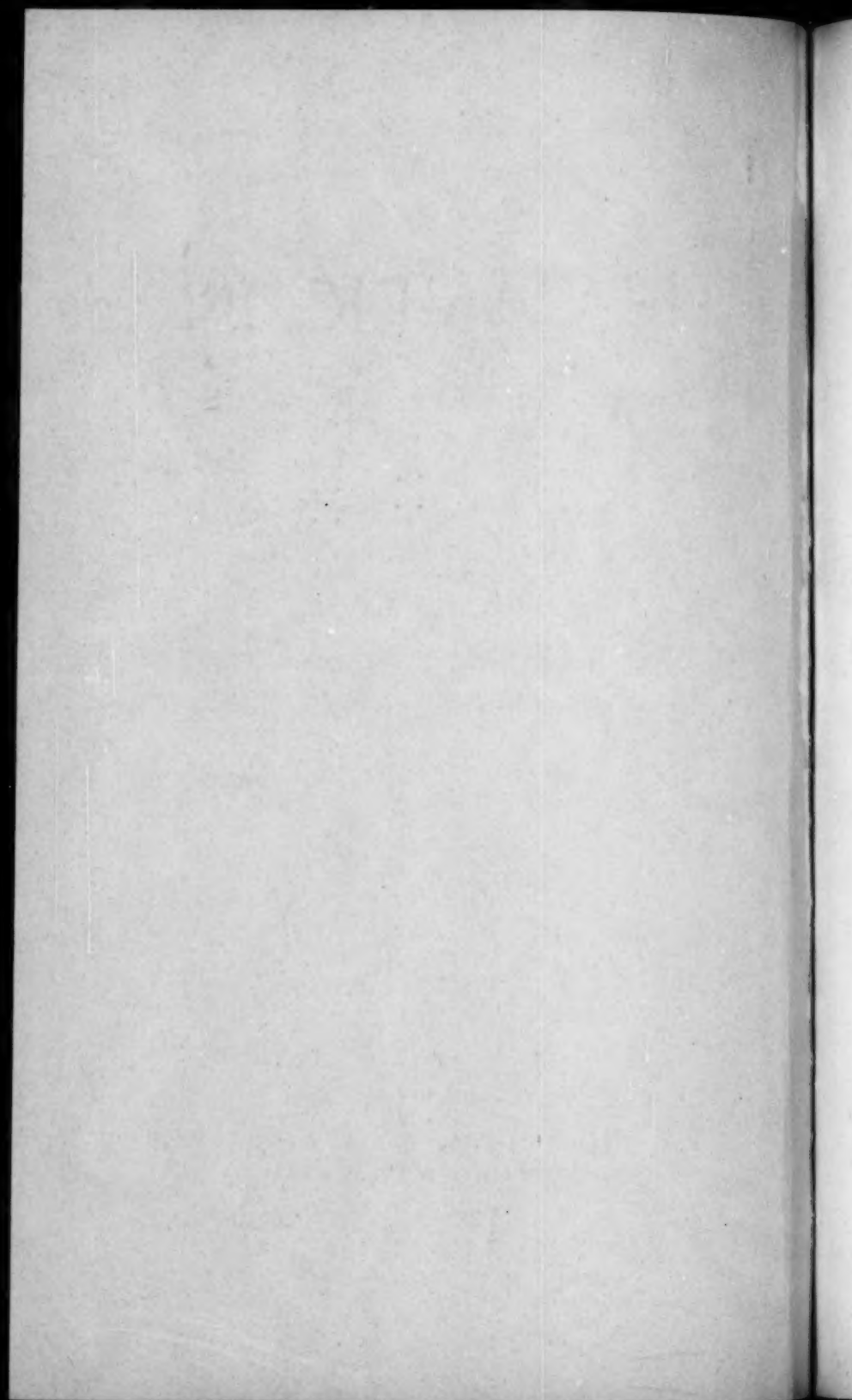
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METAMORPHOSIS

Géza Róheim

Gods and magicians alike have the power of shape-shifting. They change both their own shape and that of mortals whom they encounter without the slightest difficulty.

The kangaroo ancestors of the Pitjentara can transform themselves into kangaroos, another mythical ancestor sets the dogs to chase them, but as they are supernatural the dogs can not catch them. (1) In a Pitjentara kangaroo myth the wind blows a pubic tassel away. The pubic tassel becomes a child who is then taken away to be initiated. Mouse women after having been "made into women" (i.e., cut, deflorated) by a kangaroo man become dogs, and attack the kangaroo man. Most of the mythical ancestors were imagined as having human shape but they could always transform themselves into the animal they represented. (2) An emu man could change himself into an emu when he wanted to do so. (3) A man named Arininga arose at a small water-hole called Anira and separated into two men, one of whom was a Kumara and the other a Purula. (4) At sunset the two became one again and went down into a deep waterhole. At daylight the men again came out and split into two. They stroked their whiskers and euro men came out. (5) A man of the green-snake totem arose living first under the ground. Before leaving he transformed himself into a water-snake. (6)

In a Marind anim (New Guinea) myth the uninitiated mythical beings become flying dogs and fly overseas. Then the flying dogs transform themselves into a palm tree. (7)

In a Kiwai story a mythical woman is trying to escape from the hero Sido and in doing so she changes the shape of her feet into those of a bird so as to leave a bird's foot-prints. Then she assumes the claws of a crab, then the feet of a kangaroo, then of a cassowary and finally she has the feet of a pig. There was a big tree in the bush. When she approached the tree it shrunk to quite a small size. She was tired and sat on the small bush to rest and as she did so the tree inserted a twig into her vulva. At the same time the

tree lifted itself up nearly to the sky. (8) A kangaroo was playing in the grass at Kuru, its semen passed out and ran to the ground where it was dried up by the sun. From the semen a boy grew up. The male kangaroo ran away but a female came and suckled the boy. One day the boy shot a kangaroo carried it home and cooked it. Then he reflected "I have shot my mother, my father." After eating the flesh he fell down dead and his spirit went away and roamed about all over the country (i.e., he dreamt). As time passed worms breed in the eyes, ears and anus of the dead body. Finally a kangaroo came and spat "poison wood" (i. e., a magical plant) over the boy recalling him to life. The kangaroo cut off a small piece of its tail. This was to serve as a "medicine" by means of which the boy might transform himself into a kangaroo if he wanted to kill anybody secretly and he was also given "medicines" to enable him to take the shape of a snake, a pig, or a hawk. (9)

After his death Sido the mythical hero mentioned above became a crab and was caught and put in her basket and assuming human form again stood before the woman saying "Mother are you there?" With some pretext he sends his "father" away and then rapes the woman. (10) When Sido came to Adiri (place name) he passed into the skin of a pig and his head changed into that of a pig. The pig became a house and people entered it. (11)

Oa Rove of the Roro speaking group of tribes in New Guinea could change his shape as he wished. An old widow returning from collecting fire-wood in her bag heard a cry like the squeak of a bat or rat which seemed to come from the bag. During the night while she was asleep a child came to her and said "I am not a rat as you thought when you chickered in your bag. I am Oa Rove Marai and you must treat me as your child. He blows on one small wallaby and it becomes a whole number of dead wallaby. Finally all the women are in his canoe. "After much talking and jesting all the women including the mother of Oa Rove *went to sleep in the canoe*. While the women were asleep Oa Rove carried them and the canoe up and up towards the sky, but stopped

on the top of a high mountain. There one woman woke up and passed water which falling on the earth gave rise to crotons in the world below. (12) In another version Oa Rove is a child who constantly changes his skin after the manner of snakes. (13)

The people of the Bougainville Straits tell the story of Oromunu who had the shape of a snake or man as he wished. He defecates into a cooking pot and this becomes taro, yams and bananas. On the chief's invitation this benefactor of mankind stayed in the village house and lives there forever. (14) Most of the gods of Rossell island are snakes by day and assume human form only at night. Certain gods take the shape of other animals and some are stones. (15) The mother of the New Hebrides hero-god, Qat was called change-skin of the World because she could throw her skin off and become rejuvenated. (16) The spirits appear in many forms as a youth or a girl to entice the opposite sex. Then They suddenly vanish in the form of a bird or other creature. These beings are called *tavogivogi* from vog, to change, i. e.: those who change. (16)

The people of Alor tell a story in which one of their mythological beings is transformed into a crow by his father-in-law and then back again into a human being. Two wives are transformed into a conch shell horn and a glass bottle. (17) Heitsi Eibib (Hottentot) appears in many different forms. Sometimes he was handsome and his hair grew down to his shoulders, sometimes it was short again. (18) Ngun lo ki is the sky god of the Bari but Ngun loki ki also appears as a green snake. (19) The Morning Star of the Cora appears also as a stag. (20) The prophet Elia almost a god in Jewish lore appears in all sorts of shapes. (21)

The gods who can change their own shape can effect the same transformation in others.

In North West America we have "culture heroes" who are continuously changing things. Qualls saw many children crying because they had lost their parents. He transformed them into the Pleiades. (22) He sees a man called One leg and transforms him into the salmon. (23) The ancestor of

a certain tribe was a man clad in beaver skin. He had a contest with Quals to see who could transform the other. He lost and became the ancestor of the beavers. (24) The Big Raven of the Koryaks turns into a raven by putting on a raven's coat. (25)

In Hindu mythology Brahma is a gander, Vishnu a boar. (26) Shiva is described under twenty-one "playful manifestations". But the basic and most common object of worship in Shiva shrines is the phallos or lingam. In contradistinction to all other manifestations of the god it is called "the fixed, or immovable, the fundamental form." Compared with it the other manifestations are secondary. (27) A god appears in the shape of a boar and then again as a fakir. (28) The Irish *sidhe* can assume other forms beside their own. (29) The Hungarian word *tunder* means fairy or perhaps supernatural being in general and carries the connotation of something that disappears or changes. (30) The gods of Greece appear in animal form and they can envelop their human proteges in mist and make them disappear. Pallas Athene has transformed Odysseus by touching him with her golden wand. Telemachos on seeing him says in amazement: Thou art not Odysseus, not my father, but a god makes me have a vision only to increase my mournful yearning. Mortal man can neither do nor understand such things but gods can will these things with ease who according to their whim can make you young or old. But a while ago thou wast old and in ugly garments and now thou art one of the gods who dwell in the expanse of the sky." (32)

Shape shifting belongs to the sphere of magic and the gods. It reflects the most essential attribute of the primary process (Primaervorgang), namely the motility of all cathexis. (33) Emotional cathexis is easily displaced, the gods are in a fluid state. Moreover symbol and symbolized content may alternate, this is clearly expressed in Hindu mythology, the phallos is constant the symbols variable. Many of these myths are simply dreams in myth form; this is stated in one of the Kiwai stories. In these, as in the myth

of Oa Rove (where the women are sleeping) the sensation of lifting, rising and the urinating at the end (urethral waking dream) indicate the dream as origin of the myth. The three explanations we have given a) primary process, b) symbol formation, c) dream material are really one and the same as b) and c) are but specific instances of a).

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New York, N. Y.

KILROY WAS HERE

RICHARD STERBA, M.D.

To me it seems most fascinating to observe how unconscious contents and mechanisms constantly penetrate our lives, force us, and I mean all of us, to unreasonable emotional actions and behavior, influence our thinking and lead to mental productions which defy all rational explanation. To demonstrate the unconscious origins of such irrational manifestations is to teach "living psychoanalysis", a procedure which otherwise can hardly be accomplished outside the strictly psychoanalytic situation.

The most convincing psychoanalytic experience is the analysis of dreams. The understanding of their content and of its connection with and influence upon the present day life situation of the dreamer is the source of overwhelming evidence for the existence of the unconscious and of its dynamic power. We know that it is hardly possible to give such evidence to persons who do not undergo psychoanalytic treatment, and therefore welcome the opportunity of demonstrating the manifestations of unconscious contents in other mental products which are easily accessible to anyone, as for example in literary productions of all kinds, in folklore, folk customs, and so forth. The emotional participation in these and the objective observation of the behavior in connection with them, made possible through the interpretation of the unconscious content, impresses itself upon those persons who are capable of such objectivity and who are not too resistive against psychoanalytic insight. Marie Bonaparte's collection of war myths (1) and their unconscious contents, the demonstration of the different mental mechanisms applied in their production and of the psycho-economic purpose they serve is an excellent example of the type of work I have in mind.

Myths and legends are those mental products which are the closest to dreams. In their unconscious content they are so much alike that Freud called myths the "secular dreams of mankind." The myths and legends produced by

a group or a nation correspond to dreams, but are common to all the members, and express the wishes of their unconscious which they share with all the others. Myths and legends are therefore sociological phenomena in contrast to the dream that is solipsistic and egotistical.

In our recent days we have had the opportunity to experience an American legend in the making. Its story is short and impressive. Its title is "Kilroy was here." Collier's Magazine (2) gives the following information about the origin of the expression:

"Last summer, when the first of the atomic bomb tests was held at Bikini Atoll, everything went pretty much according to schedule, except for one minor item. The venerable old battleship New York was towed into the target area, checked by its crew, and then abandoned, like the other target craft, when every human being was ordered out of the target area. The crew took one last affectionate glance at the famous old battle wagon and noticed nothing untoward. The next day the bomb was dropped.

"According to the record, not a single human being re-approached the New York until Admiral Blandy pronounced the area safe a few days later and sent in a boarding party bristling with Geiger counters and other protective devices. When the boarding party reached the New York, it emitted a long, collective gasp. For chalked in huge letters on the port side of the New York, were the words, 'Kilroy was here.'

"This is the most famous of the 'Kilroy was here' stories, but it is only one of the several million times that that strange inscription has mysteriously appeared in incongruous places all over the world. Nobody really seems to know its meaning, or who writes it, or why. The only positive factor is that it originated with the G.I.'s during the war, and it is largely G.I.'s who continue to scribble it now.

"And scribble it they do. 'Kilroy was here' is lettered on the very tip of the torch of the Statue of Liberty, on the bullet-scarred base of the Marco Polo Bridge in China, and reverentially, near the eternal flame of the Unknown Soldier under the arc de Triomphe in Paris. When a famous steeplejack was hired re-

cently to do some work on the topmost structure of the George Washington Bridge in New York, he found these words tauntingly inscribed in the most inaccessible section of one of the towers.

"When the first boatload of Americans poured onto the Queen Elizabeth for that seagoing giant's first trip as a transport during the war, they found 'Kilroy was here' neatly carved into the fine wood railings of the ship, and they immediately proceeded to follow suit by adding their own initials.

"Today, you can see 'Kilroy was here' written on sidewalks, houses, trucks and packing cases, including those in which the Belgian government sent three young wild elephants from the Congo last September. A woman recently caused a sensation by walking down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago with the words chalked boldly on the back of her coat. She swore to the police that she didn't know it was there, or how it got there.

"German *Fräuleins* know the phrase, and in the Pacific, American soldiers have observed tiny Polynesian and Melanesian children spelling it out with coral beads. In China, an anti-American riot was suddenly and peacefully broken up when a local police chief pointed to a faded 'Kilroy was here' chalked on the side of a building, thus graphically reminding the rioters that millions of Kilroys had contributed to their liberation.

"It is in the washrooms of the world that Kilroy seems to flourish the best, however. There probably isn't a men's room or latrine on any of the islands or continents that has not borne his imprint. In some strange way, he has managed to get into powder rooms, too, to the accompaniment of many a lifted feminine eyebrow. Perhaps the best of Kilroy's washroom excursions took place at Potsdam, Germany, during the postwar meeting of the Big Three.

"As in all Army installations, the latrines in the conference palace were graded according to the rank of the users. There were several enlisted men's latrines (in the servants' quarters), a handful of better latrines for company-grade officers up to the rank of captain, a couple of deluxe latrines for majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels, an ultrafancy bathroom

for generals, and a breath-taking, ballroomlike marble chamber for the VIPs (Very Important Personages)—in this case, Truman, Attlee and Stalin. Guards were posted on this VIP bathroom day and night.

"On the second day of the conference, Generalissimo Stalin came popping out of this magnificent lavatory, spouting in Russian to one of his aides. An American interpreter standing nearby swore to a Yank correspondent that what Stalin was trying to find out was: "Who is this Kilroy?"

"This same question has been asked by several million other people on several million other occasions. So many people have written to the Army's Adjutant General in Washington asking, 'Who is Kilroy?' that on September 27, 1948, a major of that department announced to the Associated Press that, though the Army had the complete low-down on 1,000,000 World War II G.I.'s, it knew absolutely nothing about Kilroy. 'As far as we are concerned,' the major concluded, 'this Kilroy simply doesn't exist.'

It is the first and simplest method of investigation to examine the name of the mysterious figure who is supposed to have been the first one in so many inaccessible places. If we do this, it will immediately become clear to us whom he represents. We have to cut the name in two, and it is obvious that he is the one who killed the king (kill-roi), and immediately we find ourselves in a well-known psychoanalytic territory. We know that king and father are identical, and become aware that Kilroy is a recent edition of the hero of our oldest legends and of our most ancient history. He is the revival of the most daring member of the brother horde who killed the original father, and is idealized since as the great hero at all times and by all nations. And with considerable surprise we become aware of the intensity of these archaic patricidal strivings in ourselves, which express themselves in the formation of a legend so powerful that it sweeps the whole nation and its extensions over the entire globe. We need very few more translations of symbols to make the legend clear in its emotional significance. The Kilroy legend started during the war, under emotional con-

ditions which are well known to us from other war myths, as well as from the behavior of primitive and modern warriors. We know that in the unconscious the enemy in war is identical with the father figure as the little boy experiences him emotionally in the Oedipus phase of his libido development. The country or any other territory or locality in the enemy's possession is a symbol for the mother, of whom the little boy wants to take possession after having done away with the father-enemy. The Kilroy legend confirms the symbolic significance of the enemy as the Oedipal father and the locality possessed by him as the Oedipal mother. Kilroy's inscription is supposed to be found on the most inaccessible places, e.g. the top of a mountain almost impossible to climb, in the interior of wild country, in the jungle, in the desert, on the walls of a house in a village which stubbornly withstood capture. It is this inaccessibility of a place which gives it mother significance in the unconscious in accordance with the emotionally frustrating situation of the little boy in the Oedipal phase. Kilroy's presence in all inaccessible places is the expression of a grandiose fulfillment of our Oedipal wishes. In some of the Kilroy stories the mother significance of the conquered object is less disguised:

"There are vague hints of a princess in India who loved Kilroy . . . some even say that the Taj Mahal was erected as her tomb when she pined away in hopeless devotion to Kilroy, the elusive pilot who soared over her pavilioned gardens. Then there is a tantalizing story written over a map of Arabia (the spot had better be nameless for fear of international repercussions). It tells of a Sultan's wife who deserted the harem to pursue Kilroy." (3) (The Kilroy Story, David Schyer, *Esquire*, April, 1946).

I was able to obtain a Kilroy story from a person not in analysis, completely free of psychoanalytic knowledge and without any idea about the psychological significance of her story. She was a simple Army nurse during the war,

and had her first experience with Kilroy in 1945 while she was aboard a troop ship with sixty other nurses sailing to the Pacific. The captain of the ship was an unpleasantly strict disciplinarian. It was the first time that he had carried women on his ship, and he saw to it that they were strictly separated from the men on board. No enlisted man was allowed even to speak to one of the girls: "They didn't even dare to let their eyes meet ours," was her description of the situation. The captain emphasized his superior position to the extent that when he came to attend the nightly movies a special chair with the best view was maintained for him, and his entrance into the room was announced by a bugler, who escorted him to his place while all the men stood at attention. Under his strict and forbidding regime the men were depressed and unhappy.

One day, however, the famous inscription appeared on the most sacrosanct spot on the whole ship, on the captain's bridge, visible to everyone. The captain, to whom the Kilroy legend was still unknown raged with fury about the impudence of "Mr. Kilroy", whom he ordered to appear before him immediately. Of course no Kilroy was on the list of men aboard. For a week the captain tried to find out who had so outraged his dignity by the inscription, but without success. But the amazing thing which the nurse could not understand was the psychological effect of the "deed" on the men aboard. All of a sudden they cheered up, their spirits were markedly lifted, they felt much closer to one another, and were much less impressed by the captain's stern and dominating attitude. Kilroy and his deed had liberated them psychologically from the strict regime of this father figure.

It is my impression that the Kilroy stories and inscription, although they may have started earlier, became numerous and ubiquitous only after the middle of 1945. They spread like wildfire from then on and have continued to do so until the present time. I cannot help but think that the Kilroy legend has grown and become more emphasized since the death of President Roosevelt. In a paper

which I have recently published (4) I pointed out that this "great" man's death was for many people equivalent to the death of their own father, and that the emotional reaction to the event was similar to the one which people experience upon the death of their father, as well as to that which the sons experienced in archaic times after they had killed the primal father. It is a period of triumph and genital exuberance. Five men under my analytic observation at the time of the President's death dreamed in the night following the news of the event that they were in possession of an unusually large penis (op. cit.) When there are pictures of Kilroy made, he appears as a little man—as little as the youngest brother in so many fairy tales—but always with an enormously long nose (like "Dwarf Nose" in Grimm's Fairy Tales). If Kilroy is the murderer of his father, and therefore of the father of all of us, since we are identified with him in the process of legend formation, the oversized nose-penis is his privilege and the fruit of his deed. (cf. Figure for nose significance of the penis.)*

A rather vulgar variant of the Kilroy inscription openly betrays the sexual significance of his being inscribed on all kinds of places. It consists of a statuette of a girl or woman who is obviously pregnant, with the inscription on the base, "Kilroy Was Here."

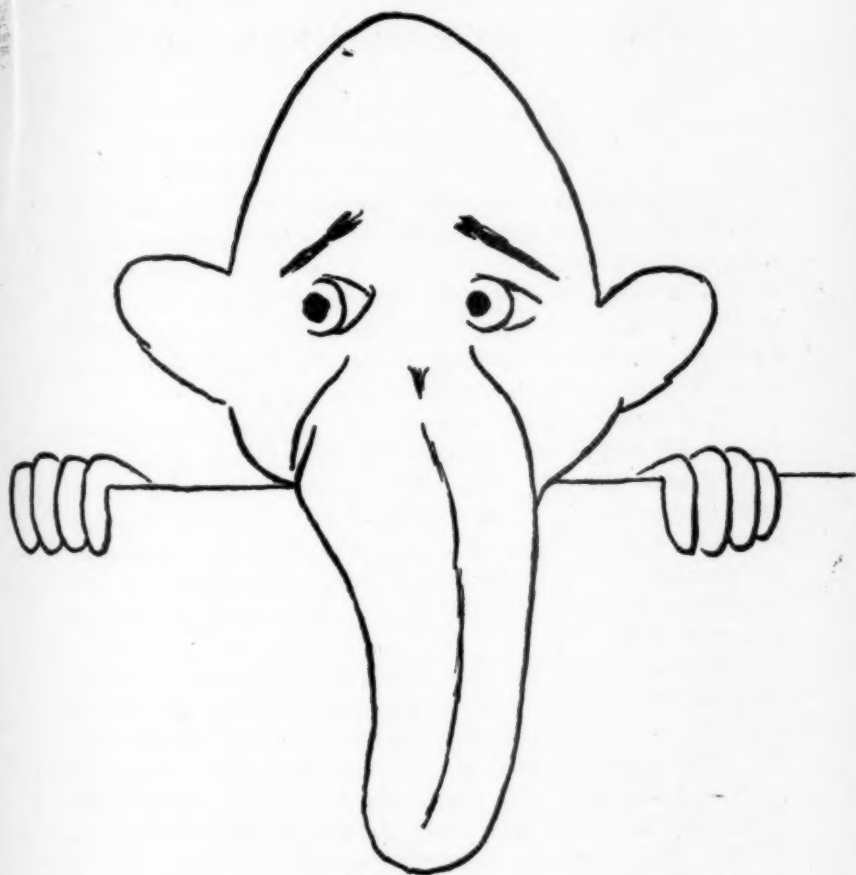
To me the material presented is sufficient to allow for an identification of the mysterious person who is the subject of this newly created American legend. While the form of the legend is new, the legend itself is as old as mankind. And nevertheless it is the expression of most recent emotional experiences, which belong to the childhood of all of us and which are timelessly and continually active in the unconscious of all men. Kilroy is the hero figure of *all* legends, the father murderer of primitive times and the representative of the most ardent wishes in our unconscious.

— Richard Sterba

*After the recent assassination of Mohandas Ghandi it was observed that the Kilroy stories enjoyed a new wave of popularity.

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JOHN RUSKIN'S MARITAL SECRET AND J. E. MILLAIS'S PAINTING "THE ORDER OF RELEASE"

BY
EDMUND BERGLER, M.D.
NEW YORK (1)

Admiral Sir William James published in December 1947 a vindication of his grandmother, (2) Effie Chalmers Gray, John Ruskin's former wife. Effie Gray divorced Ruskin in 1855 and remarried one year later the painter, Sir John Everett Millais with whom she subsequently had eight children, one of the descendants being this latest contributor to the famous art critic's matrimonial mystery.

The official legend, fostered by Ruskin's biographers Cook and Collingwood, assumed that Ruskin had never been in love with his wife, whom he allegedly married out of filial duty. Ruskin's pathologically overprotective parents were credited with having selected the bride and arranged the marriage: "They saw in a marriage with Euphemia the means by which they might gain a daughter and not lose a son." (Cook)

Admiral James has now published a selection of newly discovered letters of both participants proving the official story a camouflaging legend. The facts are that Ruskin had, before his marriage, been in love with Effie, that his parents interfered, being afraid that their son would marry Effie (there are letters to that effect written by Ruskin's father to Miss Gray's father), and that the whole mystery had a very banal solution: *Ruskin's impotence*.

Admiral James even goes so far as to accuse Ruskin's biographers of conscious concealment of facts known to them because of financial reasons: (3) "Ruskin's biographers, Cook and Collingwood, were not incompetent; on the contrary, they understood their work only too well. They realized that the British public are exceedingly frightened

of any form of sexual abnormality and that to admit that Ruskin lived for six years with a beautiful woman, in intimacy at first lover-like, and yet refused to consummate the marriage, would be presenting him as an abnormal being and probably frighten away a large number of readers and damage his publicity value."

There is discernable an ironic undercurrent directed against descriptive biography in the Ruskin "story": dozens of books were published on the subject of Ruskin, most blaming Effie Gray, though at least *some* were in good faith. The whole story is a pointed and bitter reminder for descriptive biographers to be less supercilious when confronted with unconsciously determined facts. But there is little doubt that this latest fiasco will hardly influence the book-worms among the descriptive biographers. They will continue to quarrel about such matters as whether their object of research spent the month of July or August in this or that hamlet with his fair lady, and continue to overlook the unconscious facts underlying the journey to the hamlet and the nature of his relations to his lady in the first place. One is reminded of the witty saying of B. Stolberg: "An expert is a person who avoids the small errors as he sweeps on to the grand fallacy". This does *not* mean that descriptive biographical research is not necessary. What it does imply is that biography without psychiatric background is outdated. Only a combination of painstaking research *plus* psychiatric-psychoanalytic knowledge makes sense in biography.

Admiral James claims that Effie Gray never divulged Ruskin's secret before writing an explanatory letter to her parents on March 7, 1854, after nearly seven years of marital "martyrdom". (The Ruskins were married on April 10, 1848.) The letter contains the statement:

Herne Hill

7 March 1854

"My dearest Father—I have received my Mother's & George's kind letters this morning and feel very thankful that I have your and their approval in the course of conduct

I have been endeavouring to pursue for some time — and in fact unless matters had become so sad for me as to threaten my life I should not have on any account, but feeling that the necessity for acting in concert with you might, by being longer delayed, cause you and others connected with my life greater sorrow in the end. I, therefore, as I fell now so ill and in perpetual nervous distress, feel that perhaps I may be adding to yours by a silence which I have kept on John Ruskin's conduct to me ever since I left your care, although I have lately and on my last visit home shown you how very unhappy I was. You are aware that since 1848 to this last year I have never made any formal complaint to you—there were many reasons for my silence the principal being of course my great love for you and my dear Mother—fearing to trouble you when you were in great difficulties yourselves, when I tried to look on my unfortunate position as one where whatever I internally suffered—at least removed me from being a burthen on you—and I resolved that no annoyance which I suffered should give you any. . . . I have duly considered the step I am about to take in telling you all. Feeling very ill last week and in the greatest perplexity about my duty to you—I went and consulted Lady Eastlake and also partly Ld. Glenelg, the two persons in London for whom I have most respect. I did not open my mind to the latter as I did to the former, but as I did to the former, but as I could perfectly rely on their prudence and wisdom I took the advice of Lady E. to permit her to make the necessary enquiries of How the English Law would treat such a case as mine.—You may perhaps at first wonder that I should apply to anyone in preference to yourself—but I was still unwilling to ask you to act for me until I saw I could not avoid giving you trouble and that of a most serious nature. I enclose Lady E.'s most kind and noble letter, it will best show you what she is, as well as perhaps help you, although cases of this description may have come under your own knowledge in the course of your life. I have therefor simply to tell you that I do not think I am John Ruskin's Wife at all—and I entreat you to assist me to get released from the unnatural position in which I stand to him—To go back to the day of my marriage the 10th of April 1848. I went as you know away to the Highlands—I had never been told the duties of married persons to each other and knew little or nothing about their relations in the closest union on earth. For days John talked about this relation to me but avowed no in-

tention of making me his Wife—He alleged various reasons, hatred to children, religious motives, a desire to preserve my beauty, and finally this last year told me his true reason (and this to me is as villainous as all the rest) that *he had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was*, and the reason he did not make me his wife was because he was *disgusted* (4) with my person the first evening 10th April. After I began to see things better, I argued with him and took the Bible but he soon silenced me and I was not sufficiently awake to what position I was in—then he said after 6 years, he would marry me when I was 25. This last year we spoke about it, I did say what I thought in May—He then said as I professed quite a dislike to him that it would be SINFUL to enter into such a connexion as if I was not very *wicked* I was at least insane and the responsibility that I might have children was too great, as I was quite unfit to bring them up. These are some of the facts—You may imagine what I have gone through—and besides all this the temptations his neglect threw me in the way of. If he had only been kind, I might have lived and died in my maiden state, but in addition this brutality his leaving me on every occasion—His threats for the future of a wish to break my spirit—and—only last night when he wished to put his arm round me (For I believe he was cold) I bade him leave me he said he had a good mind to beat me, and that he had never admired Romanism so much as if he had a Confessor for me he would soon bring me to my senses. I don't think, poor creature, he knows anything about human creatures—”

The annulment decree of the marriage reads in part:

“Therefore we John Hazzard Doctor of Laws the Commissary aforesaid having heard counsel learned in the Law in this behalf on the part of the Euphemia Chalmers Gray falsely called Ruskin DO PRONOUNCE DECREE AND DECLARE that he the said John Ruskin being then a Bachelor did at the time libellate contract a pretended Marriage with the said Euphemia Chalmers Gray then and still a Spinster but since falsely called Ruskin and we do also pronounce decree and declare according to the lawful proofs made in the said Cause as aforesaid that the said Marriage howsoever in fact had between the said John Ruskin and the said Euphemia Chalmers Gray falsely called Ruskin was had and celebrated whilst the said *John Ruskin was incapable of consummating the same by reason of incurable*

impotency WHEREFORE and by reason of the premises WE DO pronounce decree and declare that such Marriage or rather show or effigy of Marriage so had and solemnized or rather profaned between the said John Ruskin and Euphemia Chalmers Gray falsely called Ruskin was and is null and void from the beginning to all intents and purposes in the Law whatsoever and by reason thereof that the said Euphemia Chalmers Gray falsely called Ruskin was and is free from all Bond of Marriage with him the said John Ruskin by this our definitive sentence of final decree which we give and promulge by these presents."

* * *

Purpose of the present study is neither a characterologic sketch of John Ruskin, (4.1) his parents, Effie Gray, or John Millais. Future psychoanalytic-biographic research has a fertile field in these interesting people.

My more modest task is a detail: John Millais painted in 1853—during the time Effie Gray was still married to Ruskin—a painting called "The Order Of Release"; the model for the female figure was admittedly Effie Grey. I am interested in finding out whether or not—using newer psychoanalytic studies on the psychology of the artist—Ruskin's "great secret" was divulged by Millais in 1853, long before it was by James in 1947. In short, *did Millais know and suggest indirectly Ruskin's impotence which was documented only 94 years later?*

In a series of previous publications (4.2) I pointed out that every writer and artist expresses in his work not, as previously assumed in psychoanalytic literature, his unconscious fantasies and wishes, but only the *unconscious defense against unconscious fantasies and wishes*. The difference in the formulation is of primary importance. To give but two examples.

A patient of mine wanted to write a comedy in which a man accepted the sacrifice of his wife only to learn that his whole life thereafter was made miserable by her resenting her sacrifice. Let us assume that the man had written that aggressive comedy and that one hundred years later



a psychoanalytic biographer would make a study of the famous author. He would come to the conclusion that the author was an exceedingly aggressive person to whom nothing, not even sacrifice, was sacred. Actually, however, the patient was a very passive, severe hypochondriac. What he expressed in his work was not his aggressive id-wish, but the defense against his passivity via pseudo-aggression.

Many years ago, a Danish painter in the middle forties consulted me because of personality difficulties. He lived in chronic conflict with his wife and mother: he accused both women of pathologic miserliness, not having enough appreciation for modern art. That attitude and lack of external success depressed him deeply; on the advice of a friend he wanted to "try out" analysis. He admitted that he knew nothing of that science and was highly skeptical toward it. He rationalized laughingly: "That's the revenge of the layman on you analysts for making analysis so complicated—to cover up we have a precise opinion—in the negative." Asked what he is doing at the present moment, he stated that he was "mulling over" an "old dream" of his: namely, *"to paint a man milking a cow"*. "That may seem strange to you, city slicker, but where I come from is farmland. Hence the idea."

The idea of the "man milking a cow" rested on an unconscious and more shaky substructure than that of solid Danish farmland. The patient's inner conflict was a masochistic attachment to his mother, later shifted to his penurious wife. He extracted from both women his "daily dose of injustice", counteracted by defensive fury and resultant self-pity over his "dreary fate". To rebuke the inner reproach of masochistic parasitism he built up unconsciously the defense he wanted to express through sublimation in his picture: *"What else are stupid women ('cow') good for but to be milked?"* The example is paradigmatic for every creative activity, which, in itself, is nothing but an *inner alibi* directed toward the accusing inner conscience! It does not represent inner wishes but *defenses* against these wishes.

During the summer of 1853 the Ruskins and the brothers Millais spent four months in Glenfinlas, Scotland. Admiral James comments:

"All Ruskin's and Millais's biographers give prominence to their joint expedition to the Highlands in the summer of 1853.

Not only did Millais paint his famous picture of Ruskin in Glenfinlas, but their appreciation of each other's powers, expressed in letters, has always attracted the attention of authors of books about the period.

Then, again, Millais who never missed anything humorous, made many amusing sketches of the party at work, fishing, playing indoor games, and at morning service, which have been reproduced in several books - - -

Biographers, too, have indulged in speculation about Millais and Effie, who were so much thrown together at Glenfinlas, and concluded that their interest in one another was at least heightened if, indeed, it did not become of serious import.

Though it was Ruskin who proposed the expedition, there were many who, at the time, believed it was the old Ruskins who were responsible.

Effie's brother, George, as already noted, had long before come to the conclusion that deliberately leaving Effie so much to herself and urging her to go out alone was part of a plan to regain sole control of their son through divorce proceedings of a normal kind. Miss Douglas-Boswell, who was often with Effie during John's absences, wrote after the annulment:

'I never doubted the taking of John Millais to the Highlands was a regular deep laid scheme, which doubtless J.R. imagined could not fail, judging the world by his own wicked self. But a good God watched over the unsuspecting victims and putting grace into their hearts prevented his malicious designs.'

Miss Douglas-Boswell's views must, however, be treated with some caution, as it is evident from her letters that she detested the possessive, morbid mother and the sanctimonious father, and that the son repelled her.

Whatever the truth, the party remained outwardly on the friendliest terms during the four months at Glenfinlas, though their hopes of fine weather were dashed by nearly continuous rain. They made the best of it, and in the even-

ings discussed art, and Effie held forth on Scottish history, in which she was well learned.

Millais wrote to a friend in August:

Finding all my friends writing letters, I have just crossed the bog that separates us from them to send you a bulletin of our health and doings. Our patience has been most sorely tried and has stood proof tolerably well. Cannot you see us, one by one, and hour by hour, with anxious faces, trying to read the sun through Scotch mist and rain.

If you have leisure to read, get Ruskin's two last volumes of the Stones of Venice, which surpass all he has written. He is an indefatigable writer. We have, in fine weather, immense enjoyment painting on the rocks and having our dinner brought to us there and in the evening climbing up the steep mountains for exercise, Mrs. Ruskin accompanying us.

We went to church and took a delightful walk to a waterfall of seventy feet, where we had a bathe, my brother and self—he standing in the torrent of water, which must have punished his back as severely as a soldier's cat-o'-nine tails whipping. It is quite impossible to walk by these mountain rivers without undressing and jumping in.'

Ruskin found:

'Millais a very interesting study. But I don't' know how to manage him: his mind is so terribly active, so full of invention that he can hardly stay quiet a minute without sketching either ideas or reminiscences; and keeps himself awake all night planning pictures.' "

Another biographer of Ruskin's life, Amabel Williams-Ellis in *The Tragedy of John Ruskin* (5) has this to say about the summer at Glenfinlas:

"They seem to have been an enterprising party. The Millais, for instance, in spite of the weather, were very fond of bathing in the mountain torrents - - -

These delights were not, of course, for Effie, though in spite of capes, big hats and wind-swollen petticoats she was nearly always of the party, Millais making sketch after sketch of her. They used to go out fishing for salmon in Loch Achray: Ruskin sent some of Millais's fish to his parents.

'I am so very glad (he writes on September 21) the salmon came well and tasted well. I don't like any killing sports, but there was great interest in seeing the fish brought

up through the dark water . . . and thrust into the shallow current among the rocks, his scales flashing through the amber water and white foam.'

In the evenings they would discuss art or Scotch history. Millais was a lively creature, and used to make admirable pen-sketches, even when his subject was not Effie, whom he was beginning so greatly to admire. He would draw designs satirizing the Old Masters, or illustrations for a comic history of Scotland. There survive, among other sketches of his, a spirited representation of "Black Agnes dusting Dunbar Castle," and of Lord James of Douglas fishing disconsolately to provide food for two adoring ladies. These were made to tease Effie, who took Scotch history very seriously, and used to hold forth on the great deeds of such champions of liberty and Christianity. But she was not offended.

After about five weeks of rain and wind the weather got a little better. Acland, who had joined them, began to sketch again, and Millais to work out of doors at his big canvases.

'Ruskin comes and works with us (writes Millais) and we dine on the rocks all together. We have, in fine weather, immense enjoyment painting out on the rocks. . . .

Then he makes more sketches of the party. Effie is always shown as charming in a cloak and wide pilgrim hat, and miraculously neat in the worst weather. A sketch called *Wayside Refreshment* shows Millais frankly on his knees before her, officially because he is offering her a cup of water from the stream - - -

Acland was just as much struck by Ruskin's output and enthusiasm (as Ruskin was by Millais's). 'Truth and earnestness of purpose are his great guides, and no labour of work or thought is wearisome to him. . . I had no idea of the intensity of his religious feeling before now.'

Acland one day suggested that Millais should paint Ruskin standing on the rocks, with the torrent thundering beside him. Ruskin was delighted.

'Millais (he writes on July 6) has fixed on his place, a lovely piece of worn rock, with foaming water and weeds and moss, and a noble overhanging bank of dark crag; and I am to be standing looking quietly down the stream; just the sort of thing I used to do for hours together. He is very happy at the idea of doing it, and I think you will be proud of the picture, and we shall have the two most wonderful torrents in the world, Turner's "St. Gothard," and Millais's "Glenfinlas." He is going to take the utmost

possible pains with it, and says he can paint rocks and water better than anything else. I am sure the foam of the torrent will be something quite new in art.'

There is a difference of opinion as to the terms on which the party broke up. Holman Hunt, Millais's great friend, declares in his *Pre-Raphaelitism* that they had not been long at Glenfinlas before Millais more or less formally complained to Ruskin of his "want of display of interest in the occupations and entertainments of Mrs. Ruskin." . . . "Remonstrances," Hunt goes on, "grew into complaints, and gradually the guest found himself championing the lady against her legal lord and master." Collingwood corroborates this, and speaks of this as a period of domestic anxiety such as would have paralysed another man.

The tone in which Ruskin himself writes of the place seems rather to contradict this. In October he says that he is sorry to leave the cottage, and that the hills seem more beautiful than ever.

'We have been since 5th July living in this kind of house (sketch) a bog in front—a wonderful rocky dingle in the distance . . . where Millais is painting a picture of a torrent among rocks, which will make a revolution in landscape painting if he can only get it finished. . . I have stopped all this time to keep Millais company—to keep him to the Pre-Raphaelite degree of finish (on the background of the portrait) . . . I have got maps of all the lickers on the rocks, and the bubbles painted in the foam.'

Such comments, written to various correspondents, do no sound like the utterances of a jealous man.

However, it is clear that Ruskin could often be very dense where human relationships were concerned; while it is also possible that he realized, without resenting, Euphemia's and Millais's growing love. The party broke up of necessity, for Ruskin had launched into new activity. He was due in Edinburgh on the 1st of November to deliver a course of lectures on architecture and painting."

Admiral James claims, as previously stated, that Effie never divulged her marital secret before her letter to her parents early in March 1854. On the other hand, he reprints two letters of Millais's—answers to letters of Effie's mother—dated December 19, 1853, and December 21, 1853, in which Millais shows very intimate knowledge of Ruskin's sex life. A passage from the letter of 19 December reads:

"Believe me *I will do everything you can desire of me*, so keep your mind perfectly at rest—I should never have written to your daughter had not Ruskin been cognisant to the correspondence, and approving of it or at least not admitting a care in the matter—If he is such a plotting and scheming fellow, as to take notes secretly to bring against his wife, such a quiet scoundrel ought to be ducked in a mill pond—His conduct is so provokingly gentle that it is folly to kick against such a man—From this time, I will never write again to his wife, as it will *be better*, and will exclude the possibility of his further complaining, although sufficient has passed to enable him to do so, at any time he may think fit. One is never safe against such a brooding selfish lot as those Ruskins—His absence in the Highlands seemed purposely to give me an opportunity of being in his wife's society—His wickedness must be without parallel, if he kept himself away, to the end that has come about, as I am sometimes inclined to think, altogether his conduct is incomprehensible, he is either crazed, or anything but a desirable acquaintance—

The *worst of all is the wretchedness of her position*, whenever they go to visit she will be left to herself in the company of any stranger present, for Ruskin appears to delight in selfish solitude. Why he ever had the audacity of marrying with no better intentions is a mystery to me, I must confess that it appears to me that he cares for nothing beyond his Mother and Father, which makes the insolence of his finding fault with his wife (to whom he has acted from the beginning most disgustingly) more apparent—I shall never dine at Denmark Hill again, and will not call at Herne Hill to see either, but will leave a card which will suffice—I shall be out of England next year, so that there can be no more interference from me—If I have meddled more than my place would justify it was from the flagrant nature of the affair—I am only anxious to do the best for your daughter—I consider Ruskin's treatment of her so sickening that for quietness' sake she should as much possible prevent his travelling, or staying a summer in company with a friend, *who cannot but observe his hopeless apathy, in everything regarding her happiness*. I cannot conceal the truth from you that she has more to put up with than any living woman."

The following excerpts are from the letter of 21 December 1853.

"Although you know John Ruskin's odd propensity for roaming away by himself from all human creatures and their habitations, yet you cannot be aware of the abstracted way in which he neglects his wife—It is utterly impossible for a friend to sojourn with them for any length of time, without absolutely being compelled in common courtesy to attend to her—I assure you that Ruskin only expressed approval and delight at perceiving that your daughter and myself agreed so well together, and when *I spoke to him about his extraordinary indifference to her attractions* (which could not but be excessively unpleasing, and conducive to her unhappiness) he only apathetically laughed and said, he thought all women ought to depend upon themselves for engrossing employment, and such like cold unhuman absurdities—There was something so revolting to me about this sickly treatment of her just cause of complaint and discontent, that I never again ventured to speak on the subject, as I could not depend upon keeping my temper.—When she and my brother visited Bowerswell, he was all for my accompanying them, and returning with her, which I refused to do, although I knew he would have been quite as happy without my society. In fact he appeared *purposely to connive at the result*—seemingly callous, and methodically writing all that he himself brought about, to his parents, like a boy of ten years of age—He is an undeniable giant, as an author, but a poor weak creature in everything else, bland, and heartless, and unworthy—with his great talents—of *any woman* possessing affection, and sensibility—Do not imagine that I am induced through circumstances to speak thus depreciatingly of him, or that this is a hasty conclusion of his character. An open enemy is preferable to a cool friend, and Ruskin is one of the latter order and therefore odious in my sight—I think his Inquisitorial practice of noting down everything which could forward an excuse for complaining against his own wife, is the *most unmanly, and debased proceeding I ever heard of*, but even that is nothing in comparison with his aggravating unsociability which she has to put up with—You were kind enough to be plain spoken with me in your letter, and I will be the same with you, it is of no use conventionally disguising my opinion from you, however biased it may be and however painful I cannot resist unreservedly avowing it—You will avert many disagreeable casualties, and greatly increase your daughter's comfort by *permitting always one, or other, of her sisters to be with her*—It is a sufficient inducement (not to speak of

her appearance) that these cunning London men detect neglect, and unconcern, on Ruskin's part, and her unhappiness, to make them impudent, and importunate—With a companion this evil can be greatly frustrated, as she would not be left by herself to receive strangers, and gallant rakes, who can always find an excuse for calling, and who look upon Ruskin as a kind of milksop,—I have met many of these fellows ever before I knew Ruskin, and have heard them circulating over dinner tables the most unwarrantable insinuations, and now I find myself continually questioned regarding my experience of their married life."

* * *

With this information as background we may turn to Millais's painting "The Order of Release". Allegedly Mrs. Ruskin was used as a model only because of her beauty. (6) The analytic interpretation—"far-fetched as usual" a skeptical cynic will object—can assume that in the painting a representation of Effie's marriage is given with a dream-like reversal of roles by the use of "the representation through the opposite". On this supposition, *the Scottish soldier of the painting represents symbolically Effie* (she was Scottish and the Highlander's kilt makes the man appear to be a woman), *and the Effie of the painting—the rescuing Millais. The child symbolizes what she needs (sex), the broken arm—Ruskin's "castration" (7) leading to impotence.* The unconscious defense expressed by Millais reads: "It is not true that I'm looking for masochistic troubles in attaching myself to Ruskin's wife (8); I'm the rescuer of the poor sexually starved woman" (infantile "rescue fantasy").

Another line of defense pertains to Millais's voyeurism: "Not I peep at their queer marriage in infantile repetition, I exhibit aggressively the truth (9) of Ruskin's impotence and Effie's martyrdom."

The question arises as to why a correct and honorable man, as Millais undoubtedly was, should exhibit aggressively another man's painful sex secret. The whole question smacks of conscious "values", hence is not applicable to the

unconscious. Millais simply had to defend himself against his own Super Ego reproach, accusing him of psychic masochism, and to ward off that reproach—defensive aggression was mobilized.

Another element pointing in the direction of Millais's divulging Ruskin's secret is to be found in the former's sense of humor. All biographers of Millais (including his son [10]) attest to his "never missing anything humorous". He was, for example, much admired as a contributor to the London humor magazine, *Punch*. That his teasing also extended to Mrs. Ruskin, is attested by his comic sketches of famous scenes from Scotch history as alluded to previously by James. Hence the irony of the situation—Ruskin's pompous way of covering up his sexual fear of his wife and his impotence with her—could be used intrapsychically by Millais, too, as a source of humor. There may be such a witty stroke concealed in his painting "The *Huguenot*" done in 1852. Here a young Huguenot and his wife are seen in farewell embrace. She is attempting to tie a white scarf around his left arm which will serve as safe conduct for him through the Catholic lines, but he is attempting to pull it off with his right arm which he has about her neck. This painting Millais nick-named "The *Hug-or-not*"; Another humorous sketch done in the Highlands in 1853 is called "The Dying Man" and shows a man looking very poorly sitting before a fireplace with two young women on either side of him, one reading a book, the other holding his hand. An elderly lady in the background surveys the tragi-comic scene with disdain.

One can also adduce an additional argument for Millais's action: Ruskin's procurer-like behavior in the whole affair with Millais. Gossip and mother-in-law have it that Ruskin did not object to Millais's suspicious attentions precisely because he wanted to get rid of his wife. Descriptive biography rages and fumes against that suspicion. Millais had no inkling as to why Ruskin acted as he did; from his viewpoint the sinister plan would be condemnable since it would bring him into a doubtful social position. In any

case, it gave him (Millais) one more inner rationalization to be "aggressive" toward Ruskin.

The "procurer" part in Ruskin's role toward Effie and Millais is once more a tragi-comic example of the ridiculous dead-ends into which descriptive biography railroads itself. Moral indignation, vituperation, denials, are the weapons resorted to, whereas a little psychologic thinking is in order. Ruskin was a strange fellow (he spent the last 20 years of his life in a diagnostically unclear psychosis) who in his love affairs unconsciously but continually repeated the situation "bad mother refuses". He had been four times in love, and always—unhappy. His first love in the teens (Adele Domecq, daughter of his father's business partner) was a supercilious girl who *rejected him*. His second love was Charlotte Withers who *rejected him* because she was in love with another man. In his third love affair with Effie Grey poor Ruskin had—in order to stick to his inner plan—to reverse the roles and do a good bit of rejecting and provoking himself until he got what he wanted: *the rejection*. She left him after seven years. Hence the suspicion that Ruskin tolerated and encouraged the affection between Effie and Millais is quite probable, though no conscious sinister plan was involved: a psychic masochist has trouble sometimes to manoeuvre his protagonists into the rejecting role. In his fourth love affair with Rose La Touche (Ruskin was at the time 46, Rose 17!) the story of *rejection* is even clearer; besides the age difference, the girl's mother was offended that Ruskin did not pay *her* sexual attention (there seems to be a consensus of opinion that the lady had such designs) and influenced the neurotic daughter according to her ideas of revenge. In this case, there was really a *rejecting mother!*

All these deductions are quite foreign to descriptive biography; the best that science can do is to blame Ruskin's aggressive mother who had been a domineering woman all her life and who never relinquished her "boy". Ruskin's own contribution to his tragedy—his psychic masochistic attachment to his mother—is, of course, gratuitously overlooked, in the same way as is the connection between his

weak "slave rebellion" in the form of a fight against his parent's economic background in his anti-capitalistic preachings.

The incubation time for every new idea is to be measured in generations. Hence the statement that we can deduce very precisely the *basic conflict* of an artistically creative person from his work—(simply by understanding *superficial*—though unconscious—*sublimated defenses* and from these drawing conclusions as to the *deeper repressed conflict* which leads to a corresponding *Super-Ego reproach*) is no danger for the artist of our days. Approximately one hundred years from now, everybody will be able to do that, using the "simple" formula of wish—reproach of inner conscience—defense. The naivete in literary and artistic matters will thus come to an end.

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that Millais knew—either by Effie's information or by his own intuitive understanding—of Ruskin's impotence and stated that fact in 1853 in his painting "*The Order of Release*".

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(2) *John Ruskin and Effie Gray*, by Admiral Sir William James, Scribners, N. Y. 1947, to whom due acknowledgement is made for permission to quote.

(3) Admiral James's wrath is slightly unjustified: he does not give enough credit to ignorance of, and aversion to, the psychologic-psychanalytical approach in general in biographers. On the other hand, he does not mention a passage in Amabel Williams-Ellis "*The Tragedy of John Ruskin*, published in 1928: "Apparently London was divided into two camps, those who took his part and those who took hers. Most of his own Friends seem to have sided with him, and 'exonerated him from blame' (whatever that may mean. 'Ruskin', Mr. Collingwood goes on, in a phrase which may be either quaint or significant, 'with his consciousness of having fulfilled all the obligations he had undertaken, set up no defense.' The idea that this phrase may have a definite meaning is diminished by the fact that Mr. Collingwood brings forward as one of the proofs of his 'blamlessness' that Miss Mitford stood

firmlly by him and at this dramatic juncture introduced him to Robert Brownings. Years afterwards Ruskin admitted to Mr. George Macdonald that the marriage had, as the court decided, only been one in name, and added that he would have felt it wrong and horrible that he and Effie should be more to each other until he could love her. That, he said, he could never learn to do." (Miss Williams-Ellis's information was communicated to her by Dr. Greville Macdonald.)

(4) The "disgust" was based on the "discovery" that women are "quite different" as far as the anatomy of the genitals is concerned and it was this which produced the violent activation of the castration fear in Ruskin, camouflaged by "disgust". Of course, the ironical question arises what would have happened in the quite hypothetical case if Ruskin had found in his quest for "architectural" congruity what he was looking for: the reassuring duplication of his own organ. The probability is that he would have reacted as did Christabel in Coleridge's poem of that name: with horror. The first impressions of that lady concerning the witch Geraldine have to do with the latter's "blue-veined flesh", but later Coleridge symbolizes her (in bard Bracy's dream) by a "green snake", strangling a dove:

"And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers."

The finale in Christabel's case is that the whole body of Geraldine changes into a snake:

"A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy;
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she look askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned

To this sole image in her mind:
 And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view—
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue!
 And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
 Then falling at the Baron's feet,
 "By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!"
 She said: and more she could not say:
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Ruskin once wrote a poem, "The Broken Chain", as his biographer Williams-Ellis claims, in "the manner of 'Christabel'" in which the words "impotent" and "impotence" are used, though in slightly symbolic innuendo, for being overwhelmed by the victor in a contest for a lady.

In any case, the description which Ruskin's biographer Cook gives of his honeymoon does not lack some ironic touches if one is aware of Ruskin's impotence: "Every day of the next eleven weeks was spent in measuring, notetaking and sketching". A future analytic biographer of Ruskin will have to trace that strange coitus-substitute and the resultant work *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* to Ruskin's inner conflict. This conflict left its mark on the following sentence from this book: "A man's sense of conscience, aided by revelation, are always enough if earnestly directed to enable him to discover what is right." In Ruskin's case that soul-searching produced nothing but a rationalization enabling him to avoid coitus.

(4.1) The reasons for Ruskin's impotence warrant a separate study.
 (4.2) TALLYRAND-NAPOLÉON-STENDAL-GRABBE. Int. Psycho-Verlag 1935. "A Clinical Approach To The Psychoanalysis Of Writers." The PsAn Review 31:40, 1944. "An A Five Layer Structure In Sublimation" The PsAn Quarterly 17:76, 1945. "The Danger Neurotics Dread Most: Loss Of The Basic Fallacy", The PsAn Review 1946. "Psychopathology Of Pseudo-Humbugs And Pseudo-Bluffers", The Psychiatric Quarterly Supplement 1946. "Psychoanalysis Of Writers And Literary Productivity" in PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, ed. G. Roheim, Int. Univ. Press, N. Y. 1947. "Samuel Johnson's 'Life of The Poet Richard Savage'—A Paradigm for a Type." American Imago 4:4, 1947. "Further Contributions To The Psycho-

analysis Of Writers", *The PaAn Review* 34:4, 1947 and 35:1 1948.

(5) Jonathan Carpe, London, 1928.

(6) There is no doubt that Millais's love for Mrs. Ruskin—hence his antagonism toward Ruskin—started much earlier than during the tour in Scotland. This appears from the fact that in the autumn and winter of 1851 he conceived and painted two paintings in which the features of the ladies strikingly resemble those of Effie Gray. (Millais had met the Ruskins for the first time in the summer of 1851.) John Guillet Millais, in his biography of his father, remarks that the models used for both of these paintings were not photographically represented in them. In the case of "Ophelia" the model was Miss Siddall, a mutual friend of Ruskin's and Millais's, who later became Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The model for "The Huguenot" was a Miss Ryan, and she was also the model for another successful painting which Millais did in 1852, "The Proscribed Royalist". Here again Miss Ryan's likeness looks surprisingly like Effie Gray.

(7) One could even argue the case that the identical motive is repeated twice in the painting: only one leg of the prisoner is visible. Amusingly enough, that observation had been made though for an inimical purpose: Millais's son reports in his biography a hostile contemporary comment to the effect that the hero of the painting has only **one** leg.

(8) A psychological study of Millais would very likely reveal stronger masochistic attachment to an infantile imago, warded off with "rescue fantasies". Effie was undoubtedly the stronger personality. The fact that she got an annulment in 1855 is proof enough of her courage and strength.

(9) The problem of "truth" was a Shibboleth with the Pre-Raphaelites of which group Millais, together with Rossetti and Holman Hunt, was the founder. Their motto, as formulated by Millais, was: "The Pre-Raphaelites have but one idea—to present on canvas what they see in nature." That did not prevent Millais from changing Nature in "The Order of Release", as attested by his own son in his father's biography: "The head of the woman, painted from my mother, was a perfect likeness of her in 1853, except only as to the colour of the hair, a golden auburn, which was changed to black, in order to contrast with that of the child." It would be amusing to speculate, how far Millais's motto of truth was used by him to accuse Ruskin in his painting and how far he defended Effie Gray.

(10) *Life and Letter of Sir John Everett Millais*, by John Guillet Millais, Methuen & Co., London, 1899.

AN INSIGHT INTO RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS WORKS

(*A Psychoanalytical Fragment.*)

JAMES CLARK MOLONEY, M.D.

and

LAURENCE A. ROCKELEIN

Analysts have long recognized that painters, writers, composers, architects and other creative artists project their emotional feelings and conflicts into their creations. Further, they have recognized that observers who have been sensitized by an antecedent biography similar to a given artist are generally deeply moved by the works of that artist.

Through the composer's music, the writer's novels, the painter's landscapes and the architect's skyscrapers, they sense an emotional kinship with the personality behind the creation. The *work* becomes the psychological common denominator.

This response is noticeable in its simplest form by the everyday expressions used to justify attitudes towards artists or their works, such as, "His paintings *strike a note with me*," "I *lived* every minute of her story," "That play *carried me away*," or to look into more current colloquialisms, "His music *sends me*," and I'm *mad for* Bach." It is noticeable, too, even in negative reactions, such as, "What on earth do you *see* in Mozart?" and "Beethoven *leaves me cold*."

As revealed in psychoanalysis, this reaction in its more intense forms has a double significance. First, a neurotic and empathic preoccupation with an artist is a clue in itself to the patient's problems. Second, through a study of patients who react repeatedly and deeply to an artist's works, the analyst can clearly see the psychological pattern of the artist mirrored before him. (What matter the artist may have lived generations before?)

Recently, a patient who had been in analysis for over a year indicated considerable interest in the works of Richard Wagner through such remarks as, "I was listening to some wonderful Wagnerian music last night," "The Metropolitan Opera is doing Wagner today," "I'd like to hear the Ring Cycle this season," "You ought to get some Wagner in your record collection," and "Aren't you familiar with Wagner?"

From these continued references, it was apparent that the patient's absorption in Wagner would prove important to the analysis. The material reported below, once started, was readily developed in consecutive sessions. In addition to its obvious analytical value, it demonstrates the *extent* to which one observer had projected himself into an artist's works and to which the artist's conflicts were, in turn, revealed through the observer's excessive sympathy. The patient began by reporting a dream, of which the following is an excerpt:

Patient: Then we went into a room with a kind of Arabian Nights atmosphere about it. That is, it was almost palatial, with the walls and ceiling only dimly visible off in a kind of floating or misty distance. Somehow it was rather like an auditorium, too.

There was a rich, wide, low couch on the floor, flanked with pillows. My hostess reclined among the pillows and pulled me down towards her. She was a stunning, sophisticated person with a youthful complexion and a head of fascinating all-white hair attractively arranged. Altogether she was quite a package.

Several girls from the other section of the dream drifted into the room and came about us. They were all young and most beautiful and gave me

a come-on by smiling, winking and generally flirting with me. I would have been willing to scamper after any one of them. The girl with the golden curls came in, too, and I wanted to run after her most of all. But each time I bantered with any of the girls or made a move to leave the couch, my hostess would put her arm around my shoulder and try to pull me down towards her.

I made several attempts to break away, but since I couldn't I finally gave up and fell back into my hostess' arms and began nursing at her breast. Actually, I didn't seem to mind at all, for in her way she was lovely too. The instant I began nursing, the walls closed in from afar, turning the room into a kind of paneled library; only instead of the usual open shelves there were shelved compartments with doors. As I lay there, a group of ballet dancers drifted in and began to dance and swirl gracefully about us . . .

In his free association on this part of the dream, the following material developed in the ensuing sessions:

Patient: That business with the couch stumps me. I can't figure out any of it, except that the hostess was obviously my mother. I have an impulse to say that the girl with the golden curls was Margaret, the girl I told you about knowing in the third grade. By the way, did I ever tell you my mother's was Margaret?

I am also intrigued by the ballet dancers. It was such a voluptuous scene. It made me feel warm and sensual and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. It seemed so familiar somehow, yet it doesn't register with any ballet I've seen. Say, wait a minute . . . ! Do you know there is a scene in the first half of the first act of *Tannhauser*

. . . and it has a couch in it.

Analyst: I don't know *Tannhauser*. Please describe the scene to me.

Patient: First, I must give you a word of background material. *Tannhauser* has renounced his worldly responsibilities to live with Venus, the Goddess of Love. She resides in a deep grotto known as Venusberg.

Analyst: You mean *Tannhauser* has gone back to his mother? Back into the womb? He doesn't want to be a man? You know, there is a region in the woman's genitals in front of the pubes, cushioned with fat, called the Mons Veneris.

Patient: I'd never thought of it that way. Say, I think this is getting significant. *Tannhauser* has always been a favorite opera of mine. Remember how we spoke about passages in other Wagnerian operas some months ago? Maybe we'll have to dig into Wagner again.

Anyway, as the scene opens, *Tannhauser* is lying on the couch in the arms of Venus. There is . . . say, there is a *ballet* in that scene, too. It's a wild, furious magnificent ballet danced to some of the greatest music Wagner ever wrote. Why, of course! Now it comes back. It's the Overture and Venusberg music from *Tannhauser*. I have the album and used to play it all the time, but all of a sudden now I can't recall having played it or thought of it for at least three or four months. It's odd how that title could have slipped my mind.

The ballet and the music hit a furious note. They symbolize the passionate, the sensuous existence *Tannhauser* has found with Venus. There is a misty setting in the background and during the Bacchanal it breaks away twice to depict cloud pictures of . . . why do you know that as I

mention this background the mists in the room in my dream clear away, too. I'm getting a new perspective. I called that room an auditorium, remember? Now I understand the vastness. It is just like the Metropolitan Opera House. I am on the stage, reclining in the arms of Venus.

Analyst: So it was *you* who went back to the arms of mother . . . *you* who tried to crawl into the womb. You even told me so in your dream. Remember you said the walls of the room "closed in" the instant you began nursing at your hostess' breasts?

Patient: It's beginning to look that way, isn't it. But my point is that in the opera itself Tannhauser wants to *get back on earth*, back among men where he can be with his friends and share their life and responsibilities again. That's what he's dreaming of during the Bacchanal. That's the purpose of the Bacchanal, to portray visually and musically what he has shared with Venus and to point up the conflict between his recent existence and his dreams. You see, I still have yet to tell you that before the opera starts Tannhauser, in leaving the world, also walked out on a (*there is a long pause*).

Analyst: Yes . . . ?

Patient: Tannhauser walked out on a girl named Elizabeth. (*Pause*) I walked out on a girl named Bess. Bess is short for Elizabeth, isn't it.

Analyst: Yes.

At this point there was another pause. The patient then began free association with other sections of the dream. Some five minutes later he paused again and then began as follows:

Patient: I am thinking of the Pope's rod.

Analyst: Did you say "Papa's rod"?

Patient: No, I said "the Pope's rod." It's blossomed out with leaves. I'm back to *Tannhauser* again. That's part of the opera. I can't get that opera out of my mind. And to freely associate on the Pope's rod, I feel somehow that I must go back and develop some more material in the opera. Would you let me work it out logically here for a minute . . .

You see, I told you Tannhauser wanted to leave Venus. At the end of the Bacchanal, he wakes and Venus asks him what he was dreaming of. He tells her he was dreaming of the days back on earth and what they would be like again. There is another magnificent spurt of music, during which Venus attempts to strengthen her hold on Tannhauser, pleading with him to remain with her.

The musical argument builds up, until Tannhauser in a ringing phrase of four or five notes sings something about his desperate urge to see Elizabeth again.* At the mention of the name, the stage goes black, scenery is changed and in a few seconds the lights go on again revealing Tannhauser lying in a field on earth.

Do you know that as I reflect on this I am stunned by the significance of it all? Not only the significance to me, subjectively, but at the insight it is providing into Wagner. Think of the torment he must have gone through himself. And think of the appeal Wagner has today to opera audiences and music fans.

*This is a factual error. Tannhauser actually calls to the Virgin Mary. The significance of this error in terms of the "Bess" already introduced by the patient is obvious. It is of further significance that it was the Virgin Mother, the non-sexual mother, the unapproachable and all-protecting mother that the patient did not mention.

Now I begin to have an overwhelming insight into the tremendous attraction Wagner holds for neurotics. They seem to jam a Wagnerian performance. It seems, too, that every neurotic I've known has a large representation of Wagnerian music in his or her record collection.

Naturally, Wagner appeals to them. They see their own torments and conflicts projected in heavy-handed drama. They see it in *Tristan and Isolde*, they see it in *Tannhauser*, they see it in the *Ring Cycle* where they get the most terrifying collection of human emotions ever let loose on a stage . . . from incest to murder. And they see it all and *feel* it all to the accompaniment of tidal waves of music surging up out of the orchestra pit to heights where you could be torn in two or completely engulfed if you dared let yourself go.

They see it just as I have seen it. And they've been hoping that somewhere in it all there would be an answer, just as maybe Wagner was hoping and just as I certainly must have been hoping. Maybe in *Tannhauser*, for example, they were seeking a magic name they could cry out and change the scene in a flash so they could go back to the peaceful earth again.

Look, I want to go on with *Tannhauser* here for awhile. I really don't know what I am going to say, but let me ramble on, will you? There's real material here for me and I've got to get it. Bear in mind, I'll only be hitting the highlights.

Analyst:

By all means continue. This is valuable material.

Patient:

After landing on earth, *Tannhauser* finds his way back to the castle where Elizabeth resides. Her

father, the Duke, and Tannhauser's friends are so glad to see him back that they arrange a song-fest in celebration. They are baffled by Tannhauser's refusal to tell where he has been, but they overlook his reticence in their enthusiastic welcome.

The theme of the song-fest is to be the nature of love. A singer or two is scheduled ahead of Tannhauser, how many I can't say for sure. In any event, their songs are dull and inanely presented. Eventually, Tannhauser explodes with contempt and, seizing a harp, he begins to sing. His theme is, "Listen to me. I've known *real* love." In a beautiful aria predicated on the Venusberg music he tells of his stay with Venus, piling detail on detail, until the guests are horrified. One of the Knights attacks Tannhauser for offending Elizabeth and in the scuffle, Tannhauser kills him.*

Analyst: Perhaps right here is a partial explanation for your depressions. Maybe *you* are afraid to sing. Maybe *you* are afraid to face life with a song in your heart, in a manner of speaking, because you are afraid that the lyrics of your song will reveal you, too, want to go back to mother. And going back to mother would mean that you would have to refuse . . . to deny . . . maturity.

Patient: Now that is really interesting in terms of the psychoanalytical approach to semantics that we

*Another factual error. There is no scuffle, nor does Tannhauser kill a Knight. In the following session the patient casually reported he had checked on the opera and had made this mistake. In turn, this "mistake" led to the unravelling of vitally important psychological material, because it precipitated a *conscious* realization that the patient had always felt responsible for the death of an older brother who died in puberty when the patient was about four years of age; i. e., that he had "killed" his brother.

have often explored. Just as you made that interpretation it occurred to me that the word "sing" is an underworld expression for *confessing*, for *squealing*, for *telling all* to the authorities.

Analyst: Exactly. When you sing you *open up* . . . you *give out* . . . you *let yourself go*.

Patient: And here's something else. In German mythology, the song-fest I just described was a *poetry* contest, not a singing contest at all. Wagner turned it into a singing contest when he wrote the opera. He could just as easily have retained the speaking aspect of the contest and still have incorporated the music he did write. But no, he made his characters sing. I wonder why. Maybe he was such a rage of emotions underneath that he simply had to let himself go by making his characters "sing." (Pause)

Anyway, at the conclusion of this act, Tannhauser joins the Pilgrims on their way to Rome to seek the Pope's forgiveness for what he has done. The third act to me is dull. Elizabeth dies. And as you'd expect, Tannhauser returns too late. He announces that the Pope has decreed he will grant forgiveness only when his (the Pope's) rod blossoms forth with leaves. Tannhauser dies, at which point another group of Pilgrims passes through the valley announcing the Pope's rod has blossomed forth with leaves.

The over-all theme of *Tannhauser* is, of course, forgiveness or redemption through Death. And that's exactly where Wagner went off the beam, psychologically. Redemption through psychological death, maybe . . . through death or loss of the neurosis . . . but not necessarily physical or absolute death. So you see, Wagner didn't know the answer either.

Analyst: Only Wagner . . . ? After all, it is still *you* who wants to go back to mother, to crawl into the womb.

Patient: After this, let's say "*I did.*" (*Pause*). Do you know something that comes to mind right now after all of this . . . something incredible? One of my Christmas presents to Bess a year ago was the album of the Overture and Venusberg music from *Tannhauser*. It looks as though I was trying to tell her what the score was, doesn't it. And say, do you know that even the cover on that album is related to this material?

Analyst: How is that?

Patient: It's a brilliant, highly symbolic cover illustrating the three leading roles in the opera. I've seen it hundreds of times in mulling over my record collection, but naturally I never realized until now how perfectly it summed up in one graphic picture the major conflicts in my own life.

In the upper left hand corner there is a picture of Elizabeth standing against a bright yellow background. The background represents the sunlight and gaiety of the earth, of living . . . and, of course, after what we have just worked out, I can see where it would stand for a sort of golden aura men associate with a mature love.

Elizabeth is wearing a flowing white robe . . . for purity, of course . . . and has long golden locks of hair. Now I'm reminded of the girl with the golden curls in the dream. The free association showed her as the Margaret I know in school, my first memory of reaching out or responding to girls. So I suppose the Elizabeth on the cover and the role of Elizabeth in *Tannhauser* have both been pretty exact symbols of

my "dream girl." Most of Wagner's heroines were pretty much dream girls, come to think of it, so it looks as though he was doing some strong reaching out himself for a freedom and emotional maturity. I wonder what *his* mother was like.

In the upper right hand corner of the album cover there is a picture of Tannhauser, dressed in somber clothes and standing in a dark, almost black, background. The darkness is obvious; it is the darkness of his own broodings, his own neurosis. Hence, of Wagner's, as well. Also of mine, naturally.

Beneath the two illustrations is an underground grotto in which the nude Venus is reclining. It is a perfect womb. Tannhauser is portrayed as facing the two women. So, you see, it's the old triangle all over again. I mean the very basic triangle . . . the conflict between the man, the mother and the wife.

I can't help being a little overwhelmed at realizing how I have been "talking" to Wagner through these years and how he has been "talking" to me. Psycho-analytically speaking, we have been projecting ourselves towards each other. I'll wager you a five right here and now, too, that the artist who conceived that album cover was highly sensitized to Wagner, too. (*Pause*) Well . . . these have certainly been sessions that I will always remember.

Birmingham, Michigan

ON HALLOWE'EN

BY RICHARD STERBA, M.D.

The name *Hallowe'en* is an abbreviation of *All Hallows' Evening*, the evening before *All Hallows' Day* which corresponds to the German *Allerheiligen*. It designates the evening before All Saints' Day, which is the first of November. Hallowe'en then is the evening of the last day of October. The celebration of Hallowe'en long antedates Christianity. We know particularly that in Celtic cults November first was the day, including the preceding night, that was especially devoted to the dead and their memory. On this day the dead were supposed to have freedom to return to the homesteads which they had inhabited while alive, and all superstitions, customs, and magical practices manifested at this occasion served the single purpose of warding off the dead souls, or appeasing them, so that the living could pass through the dangerous night and day unharmed. Even then, according to folkloristic custom and belief, the evil spirits of the dead designate one person of the family or clan to die within the year, and indicate this through certain signs (as, for example, a marked pebble that cannot be found in the ashes of a bonfire after a person had thrown it in the bonfire the night before, and others).

After Christianization of the originally Druidic countries the Church exerted vigorous efforts to extinguish the pagan custom of Hallowe'en, which was in contradiction with the Christian tenet that God alone is the avenger of evil and that in general no return of the dead is possible before the day of the last judgment. As early as 837 A.D. Pope Gregory IV tried to replace the festival of the dead by the festival of All Saints. But this attempt to extinguish the old pagan superstition failed. After all, the saints themselves are dead people; no living person can be canonized. Therefore the festival of All Saints actually only enhanced one aspect of the relationship to the dead, namely the worship of them and the expectation of their assistance to the living. And afterwards, around the year 1000, the Church could not help

but establish a second holy day right beside the one with which Gregory IV tried in vain to eliminate the pagan festival, and this holy day was devoted to the dead, particularly the dead of one's own family, and was called *All Souls' Day*, *Allerseelen*.

In this country both holy days pass practically unnoticed, and only Hallowe'en marks the festive occasion. Not so in Austria, where I come from, and in many other European countries.

There both days, in the feelings and in the actions of the people, really belonged to the dead. All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day are fused, and are one and the same as far as the emotional reaction of the population is concerned. The common "All" (*All Saints*, *All Souls*) in itself indicates their identity even in the name. In my impressions, acquired at a time when such impressions leave an indelible mark on our emotional attitudes, namely in childhood, these two festivals are identical in their contents of feeling and emotion. The whole population of Austria devoted themselves to the dead. In its emotional intensity the reaction of the population can only be compared to Christmas, and as far as activity is concerned, the All-Saints'-All-Souls' festival even surpassed Christmas, if we omit the preparatory part of our acting out on Christmas. (See the author's *On Christmas*, *Psa. Quarterly*, XIII, 1944)

The central interest of the festival was to visit the graveyard, or in a city, the different graveyards, and to pay homage at the graves of relatives, and practically of relatives only. But all near relatives had to be included, which was quite a task if they were not buried in the same cemetery. But even if they were all buried in the main cemetery of Vienna it required a good part of the day to visit the graves of a few relatives.

In Vienna most of the dead were buried in a cemetery of enormous dimensions called the Central Cemetery (*Zentralfriedhof*), situated on the outskirts of Vienna, not the beautiful ones which extend the city towards the last hills of the Alps, but to the east, where, after dirty districts

of gas plants, power stations, and other factories, the city gradually vanished into a barren plain called the heath of Simmering. One had to pass through the dreariest part of the city in order to get to the Central Cemetery. Both days, Allerheiligen and Allerseelen (All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day) were legal holidays. All shops were closed, and we children would have enjoyed these first holidays from school very much had it not been for the dreary duty of going to the cemetery on at least one of these two days. But this was a duty upon the fulfillment of which my father absolutely insisted because it was *the* thing to do for every decent citizen of Vienna and his family, be he religious or not. The whole city was filled with the spirit of the day. The course of all the street-cars of the city was changed during these two days; almost all street car lines were re-routed so that they all went to the Central Cemetery without the necessity of a transfer, in order to make possible the migration of practically the whole city to the big cemetery. Of course, the great number of street cars all going to the same place chugged up the endless line over the main street of Simmering and it took hours to get there. Everybody considered it an ordeal to ride there, but nobody who was not sick would have dared to stay home. The street cars had special boards with hooks attached to their rear ends so that the wreathes with which most people were equipped would not make the over-crowded car even more impassable. And when one finally arrived at one of the three gates of the cemetery which were approximately a mile apart, the crowd was so numerous that one could hardly walk through the gates. Hundreds of flower stands lined the passage; it was the day of biggest business for the florists, and whoever had not brought a wreath with him had to buy his flowers there. So, loaded with wreathes and flower pots of asters and chrysanthemums, one began the final migration to the graves. No cars were allowed within the cemetery, and if the graves of the different dear ones buried there were far apart from each other one had to walk for hours. Although areas were numbered with letters and signs, it was still very

difficult to find the right grave among the tens of thousands, and every year we got lost at least once in our search. The flowers of the wreathes were finally deposited and a candle lighted at the grave, a candle which one could expect to burn for at least 24 hours. It did not seem to be important to pray at the grave: the flowers and the candle were the essential thing. After all the graves were taken care of we were allowed to have some hot dogs, but then my father, whose only sport was hiking, never let us go back on the streetcar. We had to walk home, a walk of three-and-a-half hours that seemed as endless as it was joyless, leading through the dreariest parts of the city on one of those chilly, humid, and foggy afternoons which characterize the late fall in Vienna. The unhappiness felt on this occasion seemed to be part of the ritual; at home we were not allowed to sing or to play music on All Souls' Day, the theaters were closed and it was a day of mourning throughout the country. When I later freed myself from these paternal and community obligations and took the occasion to spend the two days in our country home, the train ride up there through the evening of All Souls' or All Saints' Day was particularly charming; all the cemeteries of the hamlets and villages, which in this part of the country are often situated on the side of a hill, were illuminated by the numerous candles lighted on the graves, and on the Danube, along which the train ride partly led, wreathes with lighted candles fixed on little rafts were floating down in memory of those drowned in the mighty river. The devotion to the dead on these two days was ubiquitous and compulsory. Yet there was not the slightest sign of *fear* of the dead connected with it, no dread of their return was felt, no special magic practices to prevent it were exercised, no children were threatened with ghost stories on this occasion. The only affective reaction was a feeling of obligation to fulfill an unpleasant duty, and feelings of guilt if it were omitted.

The duty towards the dead on this occasion and the anxiousness felt about fulfilling it which was ubiquitous with all Austrians I came to recognize again on the occasion

of the All Souls's Day and All Saints' Day that has passed just recently. During the last summer, which was exceedingly rainy in Austria, the water had undermined the stone on my parents' grave and it had fallen on top of the grave. During the early fall I had four alarming letters, one from an old aunt, my last living relatives, and three from friends of my parents who had gone to the cemetery in order to prepare the graves of their dear ones early enough for the big festival of the dead, and who on this occasion had visited my parents' grave, taking over what would have been my duty had I been there. The alarming tone of the letters was due to their concern that the stone might not be erected and that it still might be lying on the grave on All-Saints'-All Souls' Day. It would have been a terrific disgrace and people would have considered it a serious offense towards the dead and an unforgivable neglect on my part, very disturbing to all observers, if the gravestone had not been properly fixed for November first and second. So all pervading and far-reaching is the devotion to the dead on this occasion.

And now let us turn to this country and its customs on the occasion of these two days. The days themselves have become completely unimportant. They are not legal holidays, and only ardent Catholics know about their significance. The fact that these days were originally devoted to the dead has been wiped out of the memory of the people in this country. They are just ordinary business days, and we have forgotten about our obligations to the dead. And the cemeteries have no more visitors on these days than on any others. Still, the dead themselves have not forgotten it, as it were, and come to take revenge for our neglect. It is our children who take upon themselves to be the executors of our conscience, and who punish us for our neglect. Masqueraded as witches, fierce animals, and other dangerous and grotesque figures they represent the spirits of the dead who come and haunt our houses because we have neglected to pay homage to them on their day. They soap our house and car windows, turn over outhouses, ring the door bells

like unseen ghosts, and play other mischievous and frightening pranks. They demand their obulus, and we have to pay our penalty in coins and sweets to the poor souls crying miserably through the autumnal night, "Help the poor! Help the poor!" The pumpkin head lighted up with a candle continues the candle magic, a miniature bonfire with the idea of the dead represented by a substitute skull. It is of considerable significance that the meaning of the masqueraded children at Hallowe'en is almost completely unknown to the population of this country, as a simple survey can demonstrate. We will return to this peculiar phenomenon of a defensive character later.

We understand the acting out of our children at Hallowe'en immediately when we hear about the costumes and rituals at the holy days of the dead in European countries. People are unmolested by the dead in Austria because they pay homage to the dead, bring flowers to them, attend to their graves and sacrifice their joy, taking on obligations of an almost punitive character. In this country the people neglect these obligations and our children's pranks and mischief force us to atone for our neglect and to assuage the evil spirits of the dead by donations to the children who represent them.

It is interesting to see that both attitudes, the sacrifices and devotion to the dead and the fear of their return to haunt the living were manifested *simultaneously* at the festival of Hallowe'en in more primitive cultures.

Let us hear about the customs in ancient times. Two quotations from many similar ones may suffice. In "The Book of Holidays" J. Walker McSpadden says about the festival in olden times:

"Among the Celts, an ancient people who once lived in Britain, there was an important religious order known as Druids, the members of which were physicians, wonder-workers, and priests. These Druids offered sacrifices to the pagan gods, and one of the great festivals of the year was that of Samhain (the end of summer). The Druids sacrificed a horse to the sun-god as a thanksgiving for the har-

vest, and as late as the year 400 A.D. sacrifices were offered in Britain to the moon-god, on what we now call Hallowe'en. In those days . . . one of the widespread beliefs was that on Hallowe'en night the spirits of the dead were allowed to return to visit their homes and friends. In some parts of the British Isles this belief continued until comparatively modern times. On that night great fires were kindled on the hills, and men might have been seen standing in circles, waving aloft on pitchforks plaited wisps of blazing straw for the purpose of warding off the attacks of witches."

In Brittany the customs are described by Robert Schauffler as follows:

"Brittany is the last great stronghold of old ways and manners. In that country, the people have . . . an intimate association with the departed souls — the *anaon* or "souls of the ancestors", as they are generally called.

The suffering souls are thought of as sometimes fulfilling their purgatory close at hand, in farmsteads, fields, or unfrequented lanes. If in conversation the name of an ancestor, even a neighbor's ancestor, is mentioned, some one will have the pious wish ready, "Peace to their souls."

Naturally, the continual remembrance of the departed has influenced Breton character and life considerably, while as might be expected from devout Catholic peasantry, this devotion to the *anaon's* welfare reaches its climax on the "Night of the dead," our Hallowe'en. Then for *forty-eight hours* (1)—so the Breton believes—the poor souls are liberated from Purgatory and are free to revisit their old homes, so that, of course, everything possible must be done to make them welcome.

It is a day of prayer without a trace of the merriment of Scotch or Irish Hallowe'en. All through the day, members of each household have prayed by the family graves; then in the late afternoon, everybody goes to "black vespers" in the parish church; men and women kneeling round the catafalque, which throughout the year stands in a conspicuous position in the church.

In country parishes, as soon as vespers is said, the congregation proceeds to the charnel-house, an important building in many churchyards where bones from an over-full graveyard are kept. This night the doors are opened, some peasants kneel inside among the bones, others on the grass outside. In the dark, lit up only by the candles burning on each grave, they sing the "Complaint of the Charnel House,"

a Breton hymn, which first calls on Christians to gather together, then follows an appeal, as though issued by the bones themselves, beseeching for prayers and again for more prayers.

The ceremonies of the "veille" are by no means ended when the worshippers leave the churchyard. In the more unsophisticated districts after supper is cleared away, each housewife spreads a clean cloth on the table, puts on it hot pancakes, curds, and cider. The fire is well banked up, chairs are put round it, and the family, after another *De Profundis*, goes to bed.

Soon after nine o'clock, a messenger goes through the streets, ringing a bell to remind everyone to go indoors, as it is unwise to meet the souls streaming home at midnight. Later still, a band of singers, "the chanters of the dead," go through the village, rap at each door to wake the sleepers; whereupon they chant another Breton hymn asking for prayers, "the Complaint of the Souls."

Then all is quiet, unless some one waking in the night hears murmurs in the kitchen, or catches sounds of work. Then he knows the ancestors are back, warming themselves at the fire, for the poor souls are always cold, or trying their tools at their old labor.

Next day is "Toussaint" when the whole household go to early Mass; the "anaon" go too, for on this day family are reunited—living and dead hear Mass together." (For further information see Sir James G. Fraxer, *The Golden Bough*.)

We recognize that under the gradual repression and abandonment of the mystical beliefs in the return of the dead at Hallowe'en a process of isolation has set in of feelings and actions which originally formed a complex reaction. In Austria we see the intense occupation with and devotion to the dead on this occasion experienced without an idea of the return of the deceased as a remnant of the original meaning of the festival of the dead, and in contrast to it the actions of the children in this country, take place without any awareness of their significance and with complete neglect of any commemoration of the dead. And our autumn bonfires (2), originally bone fires are even removed in time so that we are not able to recognize them as Hallowe'en actions of an apotropaeic character set to ward off the return-

ing dead from ourselves and from our homes. The different customs and feelings accompanying them are cut apart like pieces of a puzzle that make sense and form a Gestalt only if we put them together again. It is hardly necessary to emphasize to an analytically orientated audience that the deeper understanding of all the above mentioned customs together is only possible if we take into consideration what Freud so clearly expressed in *Totem and Taboo* about the attitude of primitives, and of ourselves in our unconscious, towards the dead. There he says,

"We now know how to explain the supposed demonism of recently departed souls and the necessity of being protected against their hostility through taboo rules. By assuming a similar high degree of ambivalence in the emotional life of primitive races such as psychoanalysis ascribes to persons suffering from compulsion neurosis, it becomes comprehensible that the kind of reaction against the hostility latent in the unconscious behind the obsessive reproaches of the neurotic should also be necessary here after the painful loss had occurred. But this hostility which is painfully felt in the unconscious in the form of satisfaction with the demise, experiences a different fate in the case of primitive man: the defence against it is accomplished by displacement upon the object of hostility, namely the dead. We call this defence process, frequent both in normal and diseased life, a *projection*. The survivor will deny that he had ever entertained hostile impulses toward the beloved dead; but now the soul of the deceased entertains them and will try to give vent to them during the entire period of mourning. In spite of the successful defence through projection, the punitive and remorseful character of this emotional reaction manifests itself in being afraid, in self-imposed renunciations and in subjection to restrictions which are partly disguised as protective measures against the hostile demon. Thus we find again that taboo has grown out of the soil of an ambivalent emotional attitude. The taboo of the dead also originates from the opposition between the conscious grief and the unconscious satisfaction at death. If this is the origin of the resentment of spirits it is self-evident that just the nearest and formerly most beloved survivors have to fear it most."

Basic Writings, 854f.)

In this connection I may say some words about the general attitude towards the dead in this country, as it appears to me in contrast to the country from which I come. This attitude can easily be recognized as one of *denial*. It is manifested in the custom of putting make-up on the dead person's face and in all the other attempts which are made to make the corpse look alive and only asleep. To Europeans this custom is at first very shocking and experienced almost as a violation of the rights of the undisturbed peace of the dead.

Another difference that strikes us as significant is that of the arrangement and shape of the grave. The significant feature of European graves is the grave mound. Innumerable European songs and poems deal with the little mound and its significance. Most grave mounds in Europe have the approximate form and size of a coffin. They are decorated with flowers and evergreens and have to be attended to either by relatives or by hired gardeners. In the minds and emotional reactions of those left behind, the mound is practically the essence of the grave, a constant reminder of the coffin, and therefore of the corpse of the deceased. It is the result of the denial of death and its symbol in the form of the dead person that in this country we have done away with the mound so that nothing in a graveyard but names on the stones remind us that we are among the dead when we enter it. Since most of the surface of the cemetery is even lawn, there is hardly any possibility of attending to the grave and actually going to the cemetery, a regular procedure for many Europeans all the year round, and heightened to an obligation on All Saints'-All Souls' Day, is certainly not a routine with most of the population of this country.(3) We have to expect to find some reaction to this denial of death and to the neglect of obligations which are so deep-rooted with other human beings. One reaction we saw in our Hallowe'en customs, where children in frightening masks represent as demons the evil spirits of the dead that take revenge.

But here we must furnish an explanation of why, in general, we are not able to recognize the significance of our children's acting out at Hallowe'en. The reason is that when our children are identified with the evil spirits of the dead this identification works in both directions. The dead become our children, but our children become dead in return. If we let our children act out being the evil spirits of the dead at Hallowe'en, and buy them costumes so that they can "have fun", we unconsciously offer to the dead the greatest sacrifice of which we are capable. We let our children be dead temporarily and in this way make up for the neglect of the obligations toward the dead which people take up in other countries. One of the most common masks as Hallowe'en is that of a skeleton painted on a black costume. It plainly signifies that the child himself has died and become a skeleton. But this idea of such an outrageous sacrifice is so painful to our mind that its significance has to become unconscious.

Another reaction to the denial of death is the manifestation of anxiety over deadly dangers and their representation. In all newspapers and magazines, even in medical journals, the different and typical and widespread causes of death are called "killers," and are often supplied with figures like "Number One Killer of the Nation." In this the archaic belief returns that there are no natural causes of death, and that every death is the result of a murder. If these killers are represented pictorially, they are always skeletons with the equipment of the Grim Reaper. It was Freud who drew our attention to the typical representation of death in our culture. He said, "The dead ones kill; the skeleton, as which death is represented nowadays, manifests that death itself is a dead person." (*Totem and Taboo*, Ges. Schr. X, 75, omitted in Brill's translation.) The return to this animistic concept of natural death may be another result of the denial of death in the relationship to the dead in this country.

A few years ago in Detroit the traffic police, in order to reduce the rate of car accidents, put up placards at street corners where fatal accidents had occurred the previous year. The placard showed the skull and cross-bones in schematic design, and under it the number of fatal accidents that had occurred the year before. I considered it a reasonable warning of a possible mortal danger, demonstrating in an acceptable manner what can happen to you if you are careless. But after a few weeks the warnings had to be removed. They made too many drivers "nervous", which means that they aroused anxiety. I venture the hypothesis that it was anxiety aroused by the symbol of the dead ones whose memory is so readily abandoned in this country, and the obligation towards whom is neglected, an obligation which our guilt feeling demands for our hostile feelings towards them when they were alive.

(1) *Italics mine*

(2) **Bonfire**: a large fire lit in the open air. The earliest known instance of the derivation of the word occurred as **ban fyre ignis ossium** in the **Catholicon Anglicum** (1483). Other derivations have been sought for the word. . . Whatever its origin, the word has long had several meanings—(a) a fire of bones; (b) a fire of corpses, a funeral pile (c) a fire for immolation, such as that in which heretics and proscribed books were burnt. . . Throughout Europe peasants from time immemorial have lighted bonfires on certain days of the year and danced or leaped over them. The earliest proof of the observance of these bonfire ceremonies in Europe is afforded by the attempts made by the Christian synods in the 7th and 8th centuries to suppress them as pagan.

— *Encyclopedia Britannica*

(3) **Memorial Day** was introduced only late and commemorates only the dead of the Civil War.

Grosse Pointe, Michigan

ARRESTED INDIVIDUATION OR THE PROBLEM OF JOSEPH K. AND HAMLET

BY
PETER DOW WEBSTER

Franz Kafka's disturbing allegory of the contemporary humanistic psyche is for our age what "Hamlet" was for the Elizabethans. Although Shakespeare presented a universal dilemma in a hero-prince defeated by a challenge and obstacle externally determined in part, he made it clear even to those of his own day that inner tumult and a soul divided against itself were the essential cause of Hamlet's tragic defeat. The easy inward recognition of something within us similar to the design of Hamlet's soul is but evidence of a potential mutilation of the self common to all men. Contemporary discussions of psychosomatic medicine and such works as "Man Against Himself" have made us familiar with the type of suppression or arrested individuation involved in "Hamlet". And now in "The Trial" Frank Kafka has dramatically universalized this conflict of a divided self in Joseph K., who will become as immortal as Hamlet.

Adapting and recreating a legendary folk hero, Shakespeare projected his inner crisis, and veiled the torture of a soul undergoing the preparation for final individuation. He expected and secured from his audience the same kind of catharsis as he sought in composing "Hamlet". All the buried memories of his own youth were activated after the death of his own father, and the state of irresolution and determination portrayed in Hamlet is the typical transitional conflict from the old psychic structure to the new. Hamlet's dreams are not revealed, but we know their nature from their paralyzing projection into the future. Sleep and death are indeed too much alike. Better these ills we have than others we know not of. But into this hero-prince

Shakespeare projected only that part of himself that he knew. No positive or healing force mitigates the sickening terror of a mind that thinks too precisely on the external event which corresponds so closely to something within.

In "The Trial" the outer world virtually ceases to exist. Joseph K. has little contact with society; subjectivity is reality. He also is in the very prime of life, thirty-one years of age. This is a most curious age at which to think of casting off this mortal coil; yet each man unconsciously, and we might say, ignorantly wills and accomplishes his own death. Hamlet speaks with unconscious relevance to his own personal dilemma in commenting on the military conflict:

"This is the impostume of much wealth and peace
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
why the man dies."

And such a comment might caption "The Trial" of Joseph K., an ordinary business man, a banker, leading an uneventful life. He is suddenly arrested, accused without being charged with a specific crime, and allowed to come and go as he pleases while he tries to discover the correct procedure by which to clear himself in a whimsical court. In the case of Joseph K. the action is almost entirely subjective; the Court is the universe-at-large, the Psyche, or the moral order. Arrested individuation is the psychic fact, and death is the result. This world within is as terrible as that of Dostoevski or Poe, and is as timeless as the world of "Everyman" or that of the Prodigal Son.

The fantastic, labyrinthine action with the soul of Joseph K. touches external reality for a moment when the hero prepares to escort the Italian visitor to the Cathedral, and the inner tension is manifest as radiated in suspicion and dread about his official position. But once he is within the Cathedral, Christian symbols are fused with an intensely dramatic projection of Joseph K.'s conscience in the person of a prison chaplain who tells the parable of the man from the country and the door-keeper of the Law. Few scenes

in contemporary literature evoke such mystery and horror as this quiet scene in a Cathedral; the situation is analogous emotionally to that in Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be". The priest is only the other half of Joseph's divided self, and the door-keeper likewise is a projection within the parable of the deep resistance within the soul to the acceptance of mystery as a cure for an inner tumult resulting from unconscious guilt. But the Law is inviolate, and the man dies without appropriating his consciousness of its radiance.

This Joseph K., passive victim of his own ignorance, is Franz Kafka's projection of his own arrested individuation and modern man's dilemma, and a prototype of what more and more men will become as the ego advances and loses contact with the unconscious, where alone the healing myth is formed. Here is the implication of a Revelation which no longer reveals, an ego assaulted by a superego without the authority of an accepted tradition, a will paralyzed by the illusion of its own sovereignty, and a man broken by his failure to discover the nature of his guilt. This is the plight of Western man today. Pity and terror are awakened, but no catharsis follows—for the man dies like a dog. Such a metamorphosis should scourge the spectator from his ego-centric complacency, should recharge the soul like the vision of a Dante. But as fascinated as we are by the struggle and flight of Joseph K., we also are trying to get beyond the jurisdiction of this Court—and the rest is silence.

Certain resemblances, however, between "Hamlet" and "The Trial" may help to clarify what we mean by arrested individuation. Freud makes a good deal of the fact that Shakespeare's most fascinating tragedy was written shortly after his own father's death, and draws an analogy between Shakespeare's experience and his own sense of release in the death of his own father. According to Freud nothing but physical death finally satisfies the condition of complete release. This is the implication also in "The Brother Karamazov". But according to Jung, psychic integration is possible only in those few persons who having attained

middle age work out a second inward release by accepting the healing image of the self-emergent mandala in which the divergent and irreconcilable drives of the conscious and unconscious selves are reconciled by marriage within the symbol. In Hamlet and Joseph K. this process does not occur; neither hero is reconciled to the objective world, and neither makes appropriation of a subjective order religious or mystical in nature.

For Joseph K. this transcendence at one time seems to be a possibility, but there is no evidence that Hamlet participates in a system of value or a Tao-he lives and dies a Danish prince, a man of the world. True, Hamlet observes Claudius at prayer, and does not slay him (according to what he says) in order to even up the conditions attendant on the death of his father, and he flippantly suggests that the nymph remember him in her orisons. But though he soliloquizes often enough to reveal significant inner states, none of these is prayerful or even slightly religious in nature. Likewise, Joseph K. is very greatly concerned in his trial about the Court and the Law but at no time is there a sense of communication with a personal Deity. Joseph K. crosses himself a little late, observes an old woman praying to the Madonna, and symbolically enough flashes his torch on the armoured knight looking intently at the body of the knight's crucified Lord. But he goes to the Cathedral for business and aesthetic purposes, and there is no evidence of religious emotion in any act of his will.

Now, according to Freud, though contrary to the late George Lyman Kittredge, Claudius has done only what the young Hamlet had often done in phantasy. This is a play, like "Oedipus Rex", in which the individual and communal egos confess their unconscious incest. This is the crime attributed by both father and son to Claudius. The murder of the elder Hamlet by his sex-infatuated, power-driven brother is the unconscious sin of Prince Hamlet against his own father. In a double sense, therefore, this murder is "foul and most unnatural" and again, "most foul, strange, and unnatural." It is most strange that Claudius should

have done the very thing that Hamlet the Prince had willed unconsciously to do. How can a man slay another for doing what he himself in nature wished to do? This puzzles the will. The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Suicide is the penalty Hamlet contemplates for realizing in horrible dreams that his image and that of Claudius are interchangeable, the one but a facade for the other. And this crime within, for which repentance has been sought but not found, will haunt him in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. But the Everlasting has fixed his canon gainst self-slaughter. Little wonder that the sweet bells are jangled out of tune and harsh, that all becomes weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Hamlet now exclaims that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison." Hamlet cannot get outside the jurisdiction of the court in which he also is accused and paralyzed by a guilty conscience. And he wills his death to expiate his unconscious crimes of murder and incest. For as Sir Thomas Browne said in the prepsychoanalytic age: "There is a natural standing Court within us, examining, acquitting, and condemning at the Tribunal of ourselves, wherein iniquities have their natural thetas and no nocent is absolved by the verdict of himself." Or as Shakespeare said: "We are betrayed by what is false within."

Now the wonder is that one so versed in philosophy, and aware of the many things in heaven and earth not even dreamed in the scholastic of Wittenbergg should not have thought of some play wherein he could have caught the conscience of the Prince himself. How could those terrible dreams occur night after night without some inward recognition of the cause of his apathy since

"A dream itself is but a shadow."

But better a play on words than the horror of this secret guilt tapping at the door of the soul. What would have happened to Hamlet if he had seen Oedipus Rex? But no such revelation comes from the depths, and so Hamlet radiates his hatred of sex, keeps close to Horatio his spiritual twin,

and vows night after night that tomorrow he will do the deed. But his ego remains intact, grieved though he may be over the death of his affianced (she did commit suicide), and at the end of the externally directed action the man of the world gives his vote to Fortinbras, and begs Horatio to tell his story with appropriate excisions and on an objective level of fact.

And Franz Kafka was likewise rejected by his father, or was it Franz who rejected his father? In the Prodigal Son it is evident who rejected, repented, and returned. But in an actual family what can you really prove one way or the other? Now where is the mother in that parable of the prodigal son? This parable is Judaic you say. That is true. In fact, too true. You must be reconciled with your own father before the principle of manhood can emerge in your own masculine soul. Kierkegaard had much the same trouble, but, of course, in his splendid but unreal dialectic, the whole troublesome question is dissolved in the theological acrobatics about Abraham and Iphigenia. The ethical order is not enough—only the religious can solve, says Kierkegaard. And it seems that the primary purpose of all religions has been to solve just this kind of trouble. Maybe that is why Joseph K. would rather die under sentence of the lower court, where these emotional jams are ruthlessly terminated, than enter without his emotional past into the domain of the Law, where he would be truly free.

It is the prison chaplain who tells Joseph K. that he is depending altogether too much on the assistance of women in this trial. As normal or natural as it may be for man to seek the comfort or assistance of the friendly members of the complementary sex, the ultimate process of individuation according to both Freud and Jung seems to depend upon an inner change without any such dependence. Curiously, both Freud and Jung speak somewhat sardonically of women in this relation, and the parable of the Prodigal Son may be the more profound for the very elimination of the mother. The various statements of Christ concerning his Father's business have been given a theological interpretation

at variance with the psychological facts. As quoted by Brod, Kafka says, "Man cannot live without a permanent faith in something indestructible in himself. At the same time this indestructible part and his faith in it may remain permanently concealed from him." "One of the forms in which this concealment may be expressed is the belief in a personal God." Kafka's problem in both "The Trial" and "The Castle" is essentially the discovery in the intellect of the psychic equivalent of the older forms of religious faith or simply faith. In a person in whom the original image of his father is veiled ambivalently, we should expect just such incommunicability and distortion as we do find.

This reservation of the self toward the father image is radiated in maturity toward woman as love-object in both of these novels or allegories.

In Kafka's personal life there is that most curious analysis of matrimony drawn up 1913:

"I must be alone a great deal. All that I have accomplished is the result of being alone.

"Fear of being tied to anyone, of overflowing into another personality. Then I shall never be alone any more.

"Single, I might perhaps one day really give up my job. Married, it would never be possible."

The overall resemblance to Hamlet is pronounced; woman remains protective or solicitous; she does not become an object of desire. In August 1917, Franz Kafka begins to cough up blood, and he insists that the disease is of psychic origin, just like something to save him from marriage. He insisted that what he had to do—become clear about ultimate things—he could accomplish only alone. And he knew that one could not write about salvation but only live it.

But in the meanwhile, i.e. in "The Trial", when the prison chaplain rebukes him for trying to get help from women, Joseph K. becomes testy. He asks the chaplain to remember the Court Officials themselves. "Women have great influence. If I could move some women I know to join forces in working for me, I couldn't help winning through. Especially before this Court, which consists al-

most entirely of petticoat-hunters. Let the Examining Magistrate see a woman in the distance and he almost knocks down his desk and the defendant in his eagerness to get at her."—"It may be that you don't know the nature of the Court you are serving"—"I wasn't trying to insult you," said K. And at that the priest shrieked from the pulpit: "Can't you see anything at all?" "It was an angry cry, but at the same time sounded like the involuntary shriek of one who sees another fall and is startled out of himself." Did the whole problem become clear to the priest at this moment?

Likewise it is obvious that the death of his father has brought Hamlet into a recognition of his own obligations and privileges as a man and Prince who should be King. The whole structure of his life—inner and outer—is imperiled. The world for which he is not inwardly prepared is far more cruel than he had dreamed, and even his mother proceeds to function without reference to her relation with him; hence, "Frailty thy name is woman." And this supposed sense of his mother's guilt is immediately radiated to Ophelia, for if even his mother is frail and false, then all women must be so. Get thee to a nunnery is the all-or-nothing response of this philosopher-prince. Very human is the reaction, but hardly philosophical. Such projection is the normal pattern of one who refuses to recognize the implications of his dreams. A really frail soul like Hamlet can not face reality within or without. The symptomatic gloom and the constant brooding exhaust a personality unaware of its depth displacements and concealments. And in a pre-psychoanalytic age, the terror of insanity or flight from reality isolates the distressed ego, for the typical nature of the experience has neither softened the blow nor organized the will to self-integration. Not even a Tolstoy could laugh at his fear of suicide; he concealed the rope and would not take the gun to the forest with him. When this new wine of life is poured into the old bottles or forms, they break. New patterns are necessary for the release of new life.

Instead of becoming greatly concerned about a new

life, Joseph K., like most modern men out of contact with the old racial symbols, and confused by the inability of the rational mind to lay hold through intuitive faith upon either a personal God, a Mandala, or an integrating symbol, is entirely occupied by what is actually a forgotten sin and an old charge. Consciousness is just getting informed of a defection or deficit which it is already to transcend by catharsis, repentance, and new directions. The man Joseph K. is getting ready to be born again, but he has no contact with the myth or the way or the pattern. Since there is no personal God, there is no influx of divine grace, or, if you insist, release of unconscious symbol and power, all of which is absurd to a mind geared into a superficial rationalism. So, the damming or flooding process takes place in an anxiety neurosis. Since only the past is real, guilt is the only psychic factor present.

It takes great patience and sympathy to keep from becoming exasperated with these self-defeating heroes of negation. Joseph K. never sees the Judge because he never acknowledged the guilt in specific form as personal experience. He insists that he is no more guilty than any other man. For him as for Hamlet, the burden of former emotional orientations has never been alleviated by discharge into the conscious mind. These complexes therefore plague him because they are concealed and are no longer consonant with a changed reality. The trial goes on in his absence, that is, without his being aware, but the court in his own soul makes no allowance for his conscious ignorance. He should have known the charge and the judge; he should have made them conscious. Why didn't he? Because he was arrogantly proud of an arrested state of individuation. He wants nothing more at this time than to be alone in his conscious mind. There are to be no involvements with any other part of his being or any other being. And how can part of the total self live while the rest of the Self is inactivated or denied; what can happen to the deeper total self except painful atrophy or death? Consequently only the infantile self attached to the mother, and only the shadow of the life

urge—the death urge—can activate, and a man wills because of his ignorance the inevitable implications of that ignorance—death.

The priest in the cathedral should have told Joseph K. something about that lower Court which can defeat a man, condemn a man, and execute a man. But as often as not, the effort is made by the ecclesiastics of this day to direct a man to God while he is still dominated by the old pattern which is ulcerating in his subconscious and surreptitiously obeying the laws of this pattern by arresting the process of individuation. Psychology is no substitute for religion, but it is a necessary preparation for religion. Freud must precede Jung, and both must make clear to man what was implicit in the symbols of the old cults and myths. People are afraid of being disturbed by such complications, but the price of ignorance is mutilation or death. And so, in the case of Joseph K., the executioners from the Court, projections of his own death urge arrive, and stupidly ludicrous, for the ego disdains the uncouth visitants from the unconscious, they take him out of his habitation. One holds him by the throat; the other stabs him in the heart, turns the knife twice, and there he is, an almost anonymous symbol of modern man. "Like a dog!" he said; it was as if he meant the shame of it to outlive him."

The modern mind must be reminded of old and profound truths. You must be born again, or the deeper Self must be born, or you do not individuate completely, you are not integrated with all the sectors of your being. Unless you clear with this lower Court, you can't get within the domain of the Law. If you can't see anything at all, and if you discuss only the nature of the Law without experiencing the ultimates, then your existence is doomed. The priest may be friendly enough, but if you cross yourself a little late, observe an old woman before the Madonna but do not imitate her prayerful response to the religious drive (as we now call it), and fail to confess the isolating egotism of an unregenerate heart—still guiltless in its own eyes—then the lights on the altar go out. Hamlet also speculates and

fluctuates—never acting with decisive purpose. But how easy it was for Laertes to secure revenge for his father and sister. Joseph K. proclaims his innocence after he has been condemned by the lower Court, but he is well projected by the priest into the man from the country who also speculates and desires to attain the Law but does not know how to act. His ignorance here equals his ignorance while the Trial was being conducted in his absence. Here also he dies without having attained entrance through his own specially designated door, for the door-keeper is only the other half of his conscience, the shadow of his own irresolute, speculative being. Joseph K. dies for want of the true understanding such as the old myths and parables might have given him. For if you can't understand earthly things, how will you ever be able to understand heavenly things? You can't appropriate the sublime until you have mastered the ridiculous, or the inhibiting patterns derived from childhood orientations.

"But I am not guilty; it's a misunderstanding. And if it comes to that, how can any man be called guilty? We are all simply men here, one as much as the other." This, of course, was the attitude of all men before Oedipus answered the riddle of the Sphinx; but not even Oedipus probed deeply enough into the nature of man until he had paid the price of his own ignorance of his emotional fate, and the god revealed in spite of the mother-wife only after the plague has devastated the city. Kafka is as ruthlessly realistic as Greek tragedy, but no more realistic than our clinics, hospitals, and retreats in the evidence they offer of a necessary examination of the cause of anxiety and gloom within the psyche. There is no chance in the Psyche. If the impostume breaks inwardly, it may show no cause without why the man dies.

What is difficult to understand in the light of modern psychology is the absence of any contrasting, withstanding, or redeeming image or urge in Joseph K. Of course, the conflict has not come to the surface of the mind or ego; the man is accused but the charge is not known. As a matter of

fact, Joseph K. never does know the specific charge on which he is tried and found guilty. But still the Psyche ordinarily is a little more protected or energized than this. Joseph K. is not altogether typical, or else he is completely passive and bound altogether by his ego. For almost always there is a symptomatic image early in the neurosis which represents the contribution of the self toward its own redemption. This image is faintly reminiscent of some childhood symbol or urge attached to religious practice—and usually there is a dream formation showing behind its facade the final resolution of the conflict. Consciousness goes into high, creative activity; its first law also is the law of SELF-PRESERVATION. Clinically this case never really advances until the verdict guilty is given. The only partial explanation is that acceptance of guilt must precede the redeeming image-formation. Maybe Franz Kafka had never really undergone purgation himself and knew only the unspecified conflict with dread and suicidal impulses or effort to get without the pale of the Lower Court. Repression here is atypically complete. But so is it in "Hamlet", where gloom, and guilt, and dreams never throw into conscious relief the specific emotional fixations disturbing the health of the Psyche. For this reason individuation in Jung's sense is only a speculative possibility; the man from the country sits down before the law and waits—and dies.

Since Shakespeare's day we have been more concerned with the negative than with the positive hero, with the man who dreams and fails than with the man who wills and succeeds. Shakespeare's explanation of irresolution or arrested individuation is as succinct and perfect as any developed since. Here it is in the words of Claudius, to whom Shakespeare gave much insight concerning Hamlet:

"There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do not doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger."

Now Claudius was probably thinking of the danger to himself of such a possible revelation, but the inner danger to

Hamlet of a self-revelation for which he was not prepared was also very great. We conceal until we can absorb. The neurosis is a clumsy therapy, an ineffective effort at healing. The best Hamlet could do was to repress the particulars of a guilt he could not repent of or assimilate. The best Joseph K. could do was to argue relentlessly about his innocence before an impervious Law. One must save the life he has until he believes strongly in a more abundant life. Religiously speaking, the Holy Spirit with his work of grace can, or shall we say should, move to conviction of sin only when the ego can stand the burden. Functional displacements of guilt or inferiority are the attenuated price all men pay for psychic weakness, and both of these cases of arrested individuation are typically modern instances of men whose limits within the human domain have been reached. Condemned by the lower Court, they have no higher appeal.

We have so much sympathy with these heroes of arrested individuation, we see our possible selves so perfectly in them, that we condemn only to warn ourselves of our own danger. For we can fight only when we have the strength to fight. Otherwise we must dream or develop symptoms. And when we project, we are limited by our present psychic development or pattern. These statements are tragic truths for many a Hamlet and Joseph K. That simple, conceited doorkeeper is attached to the Law, the door is our own special door, and we cannot enter until our time has come. According to Jung, we cannot will into existence the resolving image or mandala—we must wait.

This negativity may be the unconscious price paid in maturity for a psychic orientation derived from childhood experience before the capacity for inner resolution or reflective thought has developed. From Freud's study of Leonardo da Vinci it would seem that the sexual orientation and repudiation of orthodox thinking characteristic of the world's rebels (who also advance and clarify the world of thought) are the result of the partial repression of childhood libido and its later release in sublimated thinking. We are probably indebted for a good deal of the world's best

literature, art, and philosophy to an unsatisfactory or abnormal resolution of the conflict between the protective and assertive drives in the child. These substitutive formations are common to all of us to some degree and in some form are merely exaggerated in the genius. Because we also have known such a possibility, we find ourselves in them and in their works.

This mania for reasoning, or reflecting, or rationalizing in Hamlet and in Joseph K., and this obsession with guilt are part of the universal pattern, unfortunately unresolved in these heroes. Whether it takes an influx of divine grace or the release of additional curative energies in the psyche, we see a stupendous contrast when we think of Bunyan and Newman, and compare their final dispositions of this universal problem. Certainly "Grace Abounding" is as neurotic as "The Trial"—but then Christian had the healing myth or revelation, and his burden rolled into the empty tomb of a risen Lord. Joseph K.'s knight saw only the broken body of his Lord still in the tomb. And it may always be a question for some thinkers whether or not these images of healing and redemption, this open door, are really revelations of an inevitable structure appropriated voluntarily, or a secondary parallel to an accomplished subjective experience with changing symbols and cultural forms. There is a pathos and yet a subtle intellectual satisfaction in Kafra's dramatic projection of a distressed and even diseased soul in this great modern allegory of arrested individuation.

It is one thing to meet the absurd, the paradox in a Bunyan or a Kierkegaard and see the triumph of divine grace or the human will to live. It is quite another thing to see the impasse in Joseph K. There is uncertainty in the modern mind about the claims of religion and psychology. Religion says that his own psyche or psychic limitations produced the very inevitability of this final situation. As he is led to the place of execution, Joseph K. says:

"Were there some arguments in his favor that had been overlooked? Of course, there must be. Logic doubtless is

unshakable, but it cannot withstand a man who wants to go on living."

His own nature is his own appropriation of the possibilities inherent in the objective situation or the moral order of the universe. He is all too truly a law unto himself. The endless chain of rationalization cannot get him outside the jurisdiction of this lower or human court. His advocates are the irresolute projections of his own divided will. The guardian of the Law itself is but a shadow image of the restrictive forces within himself—according to Freud but a veiled image of the paternal imago as it existed in his own childish psyche. Kafka was trying to go deeper into himself, to find the indestructible element within himself, of which element he believed rightly or wrongly the image of the divine was but a rationalization. But the guardian of the law represents the subjective law-giver at this point in his total development, and the prison chaplain does not resolve the dilemma for Joseph K. or for us.

It is always more pleasant to turn to those equally great writers who have experienced a more favorable or satisfactory conclusion to this universal choice or structure. Every man has his adversary within himself; the Faust who projects and endures his Mephistopheles is but a dramatization of universal experience. But there is a great difference in the world pattern assumed in these allegories. Unlike Joseph K., Faust lived in a world penetrated by divine grace, actively identified with Faust's salvation. Humility is not only the beginning of wisdom but of grace also. Joseph K. could not admit guilt, and he could not substantiate innocence of this defect or crime within himself. He could, therefore, only sit down even until old age and death before the reflection of his own psyche in the relentless guardian of the Law.

Another normal contrast between Joseph K. and any successful resolution of the conflict is found in the parable of the Prodigal Son, who also had sinned, but remembering his former happy condition, returns to his father's home, humble and contrite, only to be exalted by perfect equality

with the father himself. Now it is always a question for the mind without faith just what happened here. Freud would find here regression to infantile images and patterns, but most people would recognize that it is an acceptance of reality on a mature plane. There is no evidence that the prodigal son was infantile. He assumed a logical position in an inevitable structure. The structure was there—even though he had repudiated it or attempted to appropriate and exploit it for personal and unmeritorious reasons. He came to himself, remembered who he was, and acted sensibly. The irresolute character sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought is interesting in literature but distressing and not too successful in life. And the Satanic soul is finer on the stage than in life itself. For one who has recovered or rediscovered the worth of his heritage in time to assimilate it, there is some quality almost ludicrous in this other preference for the middle stage of indecision and doubt. Modern man as projected in Hamlet and Joseph K. may have willed more tolerance and neutral understanding, but whether life is actually richer in more respects for his presence is doubtful. "There is no faith without risk", and faith becomes "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The creative activity of the intellect and the moral reason involve determination, preceded by humility, which means that the larger alternatives within the soul can speak their reason and direct their light on the problems of the personality and the universe. Morally and religiously, Joseph K. and Hamlet are therefore under condemnation, if the human will is actually free to choose and obligated to act.

In our own more creative periods we feel free and under this obligation to act. The universe is not static, and we cannot identify ourselves with irresolute heroes. Either we act or we merely react. Joseph K. is thus a pathetic exemplar of a personality arrested before final integration or individuation has taken place. "The only thing for me to go on doing is to keep my intelligence calm and discriminating to the end. I always wanted to snatch at the

world with twenty hands, and not for a very laudable purpose either. That was wrong, and am I to show now that not even a whole year's struggling with my case has taught me anything? (Circular reasoning). Am I to leave this world as a man who shies away from all conclusions? . . . I am grateful that these half-dumb stupid creatures have been sent to accompany me on this journey, and that I have been left to say to myself all that is needed." This is splendidly ironical, as perfect a revelation of the ego-centric psyche as can be found in literature. Such Nietzsche-like finality of a flooded ego almost terrifies us in its tragic dilemma. From the standpoint of religion or classical philosophy, this is hubris, or the original sin of aggressive inward action against the universal. No wonder the man dies. Like Hamlet, Joseph K. may be said to have willed his own death by reason of his ignorance of the positive obligation to free his ego of the former fixations, and resolve the anxiety or guilt complex by deepening his consciousness through a redeeming symbol of greater possibilities.

For the modern man there is both a religious and a psychological solution. Both Jung and Cardinal Newman have something important to say about this problem of arrested individuation. Quoting Jacobs "The Psychology of Jung", we find the following statement which does not seem to be derived from anything but human experience:

"The circular movement, which psychologically can be looked upon as an analogy to the individuation process, is never 'produced' but experienced 'passively in the psyche.' That is, one lets it psychologically happen.

"Conscious will cannot reach such symbolic unity, for consciousness is in this case partisan. Its opponent is the collective unconscious, which does not understand the language of consciousness. Therefore the magically working symbol is required, containing that primitive analogy which speaks to the unconscious in its very own language . . . and whose goal is to unite the singularity of contemporary consciousness with life's most ancient past. The emergence

of these mandala-symbols out of the depths of the mind is an always spontaneously occurring phenomenon; it comes and goes of its own will. Its effect, however, is astonishing, for it leads as a rule to the solution of various complications and a freeing of the inner personality from its emotional and conceptual confusions and disorders. Thereby a unity of being is produced that can rightly be termed a 'rebirth of man on a transcendental plane.' "

This purely psychological resolution is not suggested in "The Trial", and there was no positive image setting up a true inner conflict in Joseph K. and balancing the general accusation of guilt. And Kafka's prison chaplain is almost as unskilled as the half-dumb, stupid creatures who lead Joseph K. to the place of execution. Surely this prison chaplain is himself imprisoned. He gives a splendid parable but does not interpret the symbols in terms of the psychic needs of this particular accused. And Joseph K. being a modern is unfamiliar with the language of symbols. This priest is too much like the ambivalent image of the paternal imago in the Tartar door-keeper. Contrasting both priest and door-keeper with the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son, they show the resistance within to the true, benevolent image of the father redeemed by the change in the son's psyche. This Tartar doorkeeper in his furred robe, with his huge pointed nose is a splendid projection of a disordered psyche. Neither doorkeeper nor priest fulfills the demand for a healing, redeeming, mediating symbol.

It is obvious that these heroes who do not individuate are also unreligious. Joseph K. has immense curiosity but no capacity for action in the right direction. This inner action is impossible without faith, and faith is impossible because Joseph K. has never learned the particulars of the accusation brought against him. As the priest says himself, interpreting the impasse of the man from the country and the doorkeeper of the Law, "The right perception of any matter and a misunderstanding of the same matter do not wholly exclude each other." The light streams from

the law, but the seeker dies; some inexplicable condition is not fulfilled; some obstacle remains within the will. Individuation is arrested. Kierkegaard, between whose plight and that of Kafka, the latter recognized a strong resemblance has this to say: "An objective uncertainty held fast in an appropriation-process of the most passionate inwardness is the truth, the highest truth attainable for an existing individual. . . But the above definition of truth is an equivalent expression for faith. Without risk there is no faith. Faith is precisely the contradiction between the infinite passion of the individual's inwardness and the objective uncertainty." Faith in a transcendent order is possible only for those who have transcended or, at least are able to act on a new set of assumptions. Kafka's dilemma, which he is here projecting as characteristic of modern man, is this unwillingness to release the psyche from the domination of the previous emotional controls and the pride of the rational mind in its devotion to its own limits. And this is the price paid by those who cannot or do not discover their guilt in time—they forfeit the necessary condition of faith and cannot act beyond reason. It may be that for both Shakespeare and Kafka, these former selves are already rejected, or they may be unconsciously created in disguised form to become repudiated; they may be the beasts in the jungle for their respective authors.

A final consideration makes the whole problem clear. If we do not believe that the necessary light and power are within, then we must believe that they exist and operate from without, or we are doomed to a psychological fatalism which absolves the psyche of moral or spiritual responsibility. In spite of the aesthetic power of "Hamlet" and "The Trial" to limit the scope of critical thought while we are under their suasion, there are in contrast both Jung's analysis and that of Cardinal Newman. Certainly Newman as well as Joseph K. was called to Trial. Both were accused, and at one time Newman knew only the guilt of a laden conscience. But through faith, he went beyond his past and the limits of reason. Cardinal New-

man also was a seeker of the Law, but complete individuation has taken place. Quoting words that Kafka must have known, he says in the "Illative Sense":

"And especially, by this disposition of things, shall we learn, as regards religious and ethical inquiries, how little we can effect, however much we exert ourselves, without that Blessing; for, as if on set purpose, He has made this path of thought rugged and circuitous above other investigations, that the very discipline inflicted on our minds in finding Him, may mold them into due devotion to Him when He is found. 'Verily Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel, the Saviour.' Isaiah XLV, 15 is the very law of His dealings with us. Certainly we need a clew into the labyrinth which is to lead us to Him; and who among us can hope to seize upon the true starting-points of thought for that enterprise, and upon all of them, who is to understand their right direction, to follow them out to their just limits, and duly to estimate, adjust, and combine the various reasonings in which they issue, so as safely to arrive at what is worth any labor to secure, without a special illumination from Himself? Such are the dealings of wisdom with the elect soul. 'She will bring upon him fear, and dread, and trial, and she will torture him with the tribulation of her discipline, till she try him by her laws and trust his soul. Then she will strengthen him, and make her way straight to him, and give him joy.' " Ecclesiasticus IV, 19-20.

This special illumination does not arrive for Joseph K.; in DeQuincey's classic language, his heart was plagued—but the capacities of his spirit were not unfolded; there was no personal appropriation of the eternal in time, and the paradox was not resolved; a self-determined existence debated endlessly with Talmudic scholasticism and casuistry about a Law whose God does not emerge in any effective symbol as redeeming grace. The self-determined death of Joseph K., inflicted by the dual projection of his own death-wish is in striking contrast to that simple, positive sense of mystery in the twenty-sixth Ode of Solomon:

"Who is able to interpret the wonders of the Lord?
For he who could interpret would be dissolved and
would become that which is interpreted.

For it suffices to know and to rest: for in rest the sing-
ers stand,

Like a river which has an abundant fountain, and
flows to the help of them that seek it."

But the Joseph K.s of the modern world, like the Hamlets of the last three and a half centuries, scorning the power latent in the personal appropriation of the symbol, are unable to permit the release into consciousness of their personal guilt. They project unwittingly the confusion and disorder of a psyche in which the process of individuation has been arrested, and they die without either Socratic or Christian self-knowledge. Reverence, after all, is only a recognition of relative values, a sense of the limits of personal consciousness in the presence of the impersonal self or God. "He who is instructed in the Law, but lacks fear of Heaven, is likened to him who has the key to the inner door, without that of the outer door: HOW CAN HE ENTER?"

Such is the contrast between the Hamlets and Joseph Ks. and that joyful writer of the seventeenth Ode of Solomon, who said:

"Nothing appeared closed to me; because I was
the door of everything."

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